WARREN MAGAZINE



FAMOUS MONSTERS #139

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STAR WARS

MORE ABOUT IT! page 20

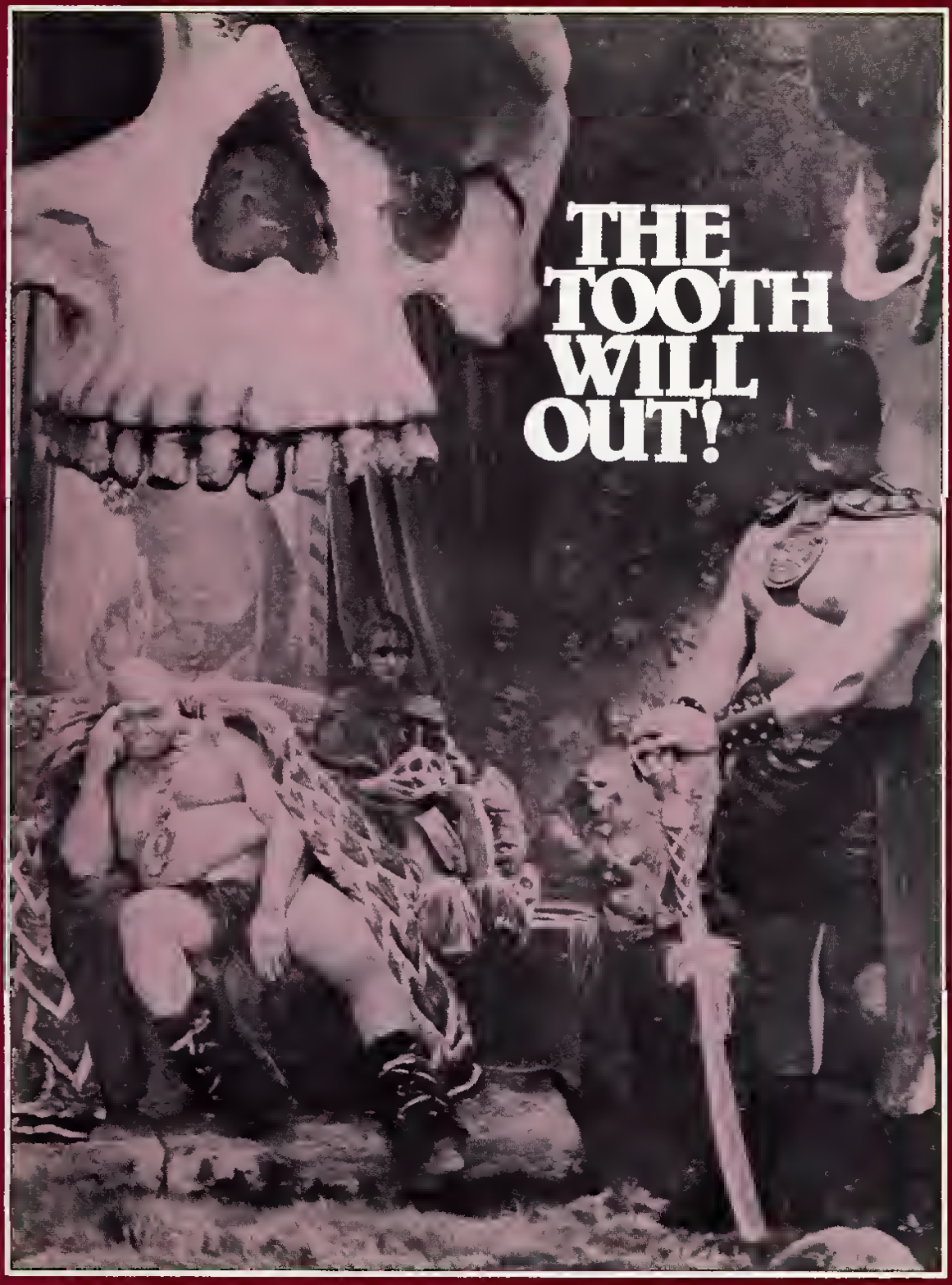
FAMOUS MONSTERS

DEC 1977





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No, it's not Conan the Barbarian or Skull Face, it's a scene from the throne room of the prehistoric Na-gas tribe in THE PEOPLE THAT TIME FORGOT. There is no truth to the rumor that today their descendants live in a city called Nagasaki. There *is* truth to the rumor that this is an issue you won't easily forget.

SPEAKING OF MONSTERS

DR. ACKLE & SISTER HYDE



MARTINE BESWICK, above, who played not only in DR. JEKYLL & MR. HYDE but PREHISTORIC WOMEN, came around to the lair of the Ackermonster and there met the torso of THE ILLUSTRATED MAN (sporting one of the 7 FACES OF DR. LAO).

Martine discovered what you will discover—that between the front & back cover of this issue of FM we have put together an issue that will make your eyeballs bulge like the Editor's when the Beauteous Ms. Beswick came to visit the Beast of Horrorwood.

Forrest J Ackerman

FANG MAIL



WANTED! More Fab Femme FILMONSTER Fans Like—SANDY JOHNSON



THIS ISSUE DEDICATED TO SANDY JOHNSON

14 Years Ago I took an 6700 mile drive, zigging & zagging hither, thither & yither thruout the United States to meet filmonster fans. One of them was Sandy Johnson of Philadelphia. I never forgot her. Lo & behold, she turned up at a sci-fi convention in Tuscon recently, where I was a Ghost of Honor. She said one of the main reasons she came was to see me again. I was delighted and hope she'll still be interested in looking me up again in another 14 Years —hopefully sooner!
Forry Ackerman

ONE LOUP GAROU LEFT?*

I was very glad to see the stirring tribute to Henry Hull in issue #136. With his passing the list of great lycanthropes dwindles to one remaining: Oliver Reed. By the way, Hull's MIRACLES FOR SALE also featured Gloria Holden, DRACULA'S DAUGHTER!

Speaking of her, she's very rarely seen today. Anyone know where she is?

JOE HAMMELL
National City, Calif.

If they do, please inform the Editor!

***How about Paul Naschy?**

EXORCIST TWO: P.U.

I have just see EXORCIST TWO—THE HERETIC. It was good to see Linda Blair but this version can't hold a stick to the original. Forry, if you have seen it, what do you think?

OAVID J. BAKER
Green Acres, Fla.

Like everyone else I've spoken to, I thought it was awful—the biggest mistake since the remake of KING KONG.

GETS IN HIS LICKS ON 136

I just came back from seeing SINBAD & THE EYE OF THE TIGER and it was fantastic! The "skeletons" were absolutely beautiful (?) I liked the Minaton, especially when he impaled the man. It was very realistic. The hornet sequence was good and had some real good animation. The baboon was terrific! But I reserve my greatest praise for Trog. He was perfect. I actually felt sorry for him when the sabre-tooth killed him. Zenobia was just about as mean as you can get and she deserved her fate. There was only one thing I would have done differently and that is have the troglodyte fight the Minaton. But I thouroughly enjoyed the film. It is another tribute to Ray Harryhausen's animation ability.

About issue #136, the article on SINBAD was good and I enjoyed "The Filmonster Forecast" article. "Farewell, Frankenstein" was interesting, and I liked the Ymir still. I would like to see more 20 MILLION MILES TO EARTH stills. CLOSE ENCOUNTERS & EMPIRE OF THE ANTS were pretty good and it's nice to know Bob Clarke is making a comeback. I was grieved to hear that Henry Hull died. I enjoyed seeing the INVISIBLE MAN still and the WAR EAGLES sketch. As for the letter sent in by "Signature Illegible" he & Ror Leeds have a lot in common. They are both weirdos of the first class.

OAVE OAVALOS
San Antonio, Tex.

MISUNOERSTANDING

I don't know if I'll get this printed but I'm sorry to see that issue 137 of FM has only one new article in it about STAR WARS.

WILL HULTQUIST
Creve Coeur, Ill.

But that was our FEARBOOK, our Annual REPRINT Number! The NEW article about STAR WARS was a BONUS!

See the back cover of this issue for information on FM's New, All STAR WARS SPECTACULAR!

LITTLE "ANI" FANNY

When I saw the stunning cover for FM#136, I knew it was going to be a great issue, and I was right. I've never seen so many fotos & articles about animation movies & models in one issue!

PLANET OF DINOSAURS sounds fascinating and the models look good. And oh, it certainly was nice to see my dear old friend MIGHTY JOE YOUNG on page 33. I was also very pleased to see the sketch for WAR EAGLES. I'm sure it would have been fantastic if it had been completed. Anything that the wonder team of Willis O'Brien & Marcel Delgado did would be great!

I saw THE CRATER LAKE MONSTER and it was poor. Tho the animated plesiosaur was impressive, the movie had amateurish acting, cheap production values & a weak plot, which only shows that even good special effects can't always save a movie.

I recently saw Fritz Lang's METROPOLIS on public television for the firstime. It was great! I can see why you are so enthused about it, Mr. Ackerman. It is a visual delight & an exciting epic of Science Fiction.

OEBBIE PAINTER
Norfolk, Va

WANTED! More Readers Like



CHRIS CAOLAON

JIVE ON 135

Reviewing #135 "Terror Times Two" was Ultra-Horrorfying and it was Spinetingling!

Godzilla vs. Bionic Woman"—whoops, I mean Monster—was a good shot at one BAD dude.

"Chris Lee, Oanforth's Pal & Superman"—I mean men—is one of the best stories in Issue 135. It was thrilling, exciting, provocative & informable information.

THE KENTUCKY FRIED MOVIE is for the birds, it it should have been named Ape Gone Ape!

"Caligula Meets Dracula" was ghoulishly fun to read over & over again. Please keep all DR. PHIBES fans informed on the latest developments on the third Dr. Phibes movie!

And last but not the least of all, Monster Quizzes was sure a dizzy to figure out.

OALE R. WATSON
Monroe, Mich.

POETIC LICENSE #4E

Behold the man, FJA.
The wit behind this gothic display
The Force that makes the whole thing work,
That sits you down and makes you perk

There he stands, maybe gory but Forry,
Grinding down his tail to tell a brand-new story
Digging in the graveyard of lost fotogems,
Sewing them together, making new FMs.

Note the power of this Ackerman.
He causes great crowds at the newspaper stand.
Laying out the zines for which we shove & push,
To read more on Hausen, Lee & Cush,
Karloff, Lugosi, Lon & Lorre,
And let us not forget the great King Kong story.

Read his puns, the light of the Forrest.
The lines that make us laff and make us very porous
We grin, blush & chuckle at his jokes & cracks
And yet his vivid humor never slacks.

Yes, indeed, he's a legend in his breed
An Atlas of a genius who fills every need.
He brightens up the many souls who need arousing,
Hopefully he'll still be 'round for FM #5000.

ANTHONY LAUOATI
Kaueonga, NY

continued on page 73



OUR COVER DARTH VADER and SEE THREEPIO are shown putting their footprints in cement blocks in front of the famous Chinese Theatre in Hollywood (photos by Tony Korody of Sygma.)

FAMOUS MONSTERS OF FILMLAND

Incorporating MONSTER WORLD ®

CONTENTS ISSUE No. 139 DECEMBER 1977

4 FANG MAIL How many times have you seen the Invisible Man? Is the Werewolf barking at your door? Read a slew of some of the most outlandish puns ever penned in a letter from Dr. Paul Bearer.

6 VAMPIRE KILLERS PT. II Alfred and Professor Abronsius are in pursuit of the lovely Sarah who has been abducted by the awful Count von Krolock. We join them in Vampire Castle.

13 HE WALKED WITH DEATH He appeared in over 80 motion pictures and worked with such greats as Bela Lugosi, Boris Karloff, Peter Lorre. You'll recognize his face. Ricardo Cortez.

14 WEREWOLVES Are you bored with your mundane lifestyle? Try the adventurous career of a werewolf! Not only does Deborah Falen reveal the history of various were-creatures but how to become one!

20 STAR SWARM PART II From STAR TREK to STAR WARS, read George (Lieutenant Sulu) Takei's opinion on the record breaking movie along with the comments of experts such as George Pal!

29 MYSTERY PHOTO The holy man pictured in this month's photo appears as if he should have listened when his buddy shouted: "Duck." Instead he decided to have his body air conditioned. Reel cool!

30 INVADERS FROM SPACE! Speculations on a query that has captured mankind's imagination since be first gazed into the heavens: "Who or what is out there?" Human, monster or blob!

39 PROFESSOR GRUEBEARD The good professor hates to answer questions on horror movies but even a corpse has to make a living. Did Karloff ever play Dracula? Read 'n' see.

40 THE TRIBE While you are reading the exciting story of Grumgra, the growling wolf, who shows his tribe the way to the land of plenty, see Modern Man lose a million years and become Neanderthal Man!

52 50 FOOT WOMAN DIES One of the most glamorous stars of fright flicks, the beautiful and talented Allison Hayes, has died at the early age of 47. Her film career is reviewed.

58 CONTEST WINNERS From our "Young Monsters arise" contest here are six winners. Also included are their prize winning entries. Pick out your favorite among these fangtastic letters.

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THE FEARLESS VAMPIRE KILLERS

pardon me, but your teeth are in my neck! ~part 2

by ludwig von krankheit

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE...

In Part 1 we learned that Prof. Abroosius (JACK MacGOWRAN) & his assistant Alfred (ROMAN POLANSKI) have arrived at an inn in Transylvania io time to witness the abduction of the innkeeper's daughter Sarah (SHARON TATE) by the resident vampire, Count von Krolock (FERDY MAYNE). The 2 vampire hunters follow her father to the Count's castle. The father, in trying to save bis daughter, himself becomes a vampire's victim. Trapped during the daylight hours, escape is attempted by—

dead of night

As they pass thru the library on the way to Sarab's room, Alfred discovers an old book of instructions oo "A Hundred Goodlie Ways of Avowing One's Sweet Love to a Comelie Damsel". Alfred has always been bashful & tongue-tied in front of girls: the book may prove helpful—if they rescue Sarah io time!

While Alfred is occupied, the Professor examines Saturn and its rings thru the Count's telescope. In also scanning the countryside, he sees Chagal at the inn climbing thru the maid's window. Unable to draw Abronsius away (after all, how many chances are there to watch a vampire feast?), Alfred seeks Sarah alone but finds instead the Count's son Herbert.

As the young blond vampire aims for Alfred's throat, Alfred throws up his arms to protect himself and Herbert's fangs sink instead into the book. Furious with anger & bloodlust, there is a frighteniog chase during which Alfred & the Professor lose Herbert, only to face a sigbt which no mortal eyes have ever beheld. They find themselves on the castle ramparts in time to see the "guests" for the midnight ball arrive. In other words, they see the castle cemetery give up its dead! One by one tombstones rise, pushed up by invisible hands. Two, then 5, then 10, finally *all* the graves open. Men & women, clothed in the style of various periods, mutually help each other to emerge. These nightmarish creatures gather together in the paths of the cemetery and proceed in small groups towards the castle.

The strange ancestors of Von Krolock.

lock before you leap

There was Margarete Maultasch, famous Ugly Duchess of Tyrol who was used as tbe original of Teoniel's illustration in "Alice io Wonderland". There was a *Pole*lock Krolock. There was eveo an HGWells *Mor*lock. Aod



Suds ado about nothing is the way Ferdy Mayne feels about this bat room scene.



The Night of the Living Dread at the Vampire Lovers' Ball.



Koukol is surprised in the act of searching a room in creepy Krolock Castle.

there was a *War*lock. And a *Hans of Or*lock. (Sorry, no *Sher*lock, Robert Bloch or Mr. Spock).

"You should never have come here," states the Count, suddenly appearing. He gestures toward the castle gates where Chagal is arriving in a wagon . . . with Magda looking delighted instead of frightened.

"As brooks flow into streams, streams into rivers and rivers into the sea, so our adepts flow back to us and swell our ranks. Soon we shall be victorious & triumphant. We shall hold sway over this Earth, which awaits our coming as autumn awaits winter."

Von Krolock leaves, sneering that they cannot escape. And, indeed, it looks very grim.

But Abronsius ingeniously fires an old cannon, which knocks down the door, and they creep down to the ballroom. On their way they hear Chagal making horrid advances to Magda, and the Professor shouts a warning at him down the chimney, putting the fear of God (or the Devil) into him.

After listening to Herbert's virtuoso performance on the harpischord, Count von Krolock addresses the undead gathering. Krolock tells his disciples that tonight they will have a rare treat. He reveals Sarab in her radiant ruby glory. He then reveals that Chagal has brought a servant-girl. They are overjoyed. Then he reveals tbat two others (Abronsius & Alfred, whom he still believes are imprisoned) are available for a feast of blood such as these undead creatures have never known!

waltz of the dead

Herbert plays a minuet as the strange gathering dance gracefully around the ballroom. Their once sumptuous clothing is now in rags but nobody cares.

Von Krolock & Sarah are leading the dance.

Disguising themselves in wigs & costumes, the Professor & Alfred mix with the dancing corpses. As they dance, they urge Sarah to escape, and all seems to be going well until they dance up to a huge mirror—whicb reflects a room empty except for Sarah & themselves! The game is up and a frantic chase ensues.

Wigs askew, costumes flapping in the wind, Abronsius & Alfred each holding Sarah by the hand are able to delay the vampires (by forming 2 crossed pikes into a crucifix) and reach the stables. They grab a sledge and escape from the castle.

Koukol is ordered to pursue them but hurtles to destruction over the edge of a cliff.

Satisfied that his work is done, Prof. Abronsius drives the sleigh, with Albert & Sarah sitting in the back, toward the inn. He has not



Roman Polanski demonstrates how to make no mis-stake when putting a vampire to sleep—permanently.



The vampires see red with rage as their quarry (no relation to Robert Quarry) escape them on a speeding sled.

destroyed the nest of bloodsuckers but he is thankful that the three of them have escaped with their lives.

Little does he know that Sarah's fangs are at this very moment sunk into Alfred's neck, sucking his warm red blood!

That night, fleeing from Transyvania, Prof. Abronsius little dreams that he is carrying away with him the very evil he has tried so hard to destroy. Thanks to him, this supernatural blight will at last be able to spread unchecked thruout the world!

behind the screams

As one film reviewer said about THE FEARLESS VAMPIRE KILLERS: "Any film which gives a credit line to persons responsible for the *fangs* used therein has got to have a sense of humor." This was actually a joke. The credit line read: "Fangs by Dr. Ludwig von Krankheit." Krankheit is a German word for *sickness.*

Unfortunately, most of the picture is a delightful chuckle rather than a belly laugh. The reason could be because the film was tampered with before it was released. Fifteen minutes were edited from the original version and Polanski's voice (he played Alfred) was dubbed. When Polanski learned of this, both he & the producer asked (unsuccessfully) to have their names removed from the credits. Since Polanski directed, collaborated on the story & the screenplay *and* co-starred, it's logical that he would be furious over any tampering with a film in which he was so deeply involved.

Trouble plagued this film in more ways than the additional dubbing & editing.

It went way over budget.

A location for the Count's castle had been selected in the Italian Alps, a place where there would be certain to be plenty of snow, so vital to the story. But when the crew arrived all the snow had melted due to a freak hotspell! As a result they had to return to England, procure tons & tons of *salt* as a substitute and build an entire castle on the MGM lot at Boreham Wood.



The maid is floored by Chagal's vampiric bite.

As a result, the original schedule had to be extended from 3 to no less than 7 months.

Roman Polanski called THE FEARLESS VAMPIRE KILLERS "a cartoon with people". From the opening, in which the MGM lion becomes a fanged, bloodied vampire and the strange music of Christopher Komeda accompanies a drop of blood on its downward plunge as the credits roll by, to the ultimate Dance of the Vampires (the film's title in England) the film is visually dazzling. As Ivan Butler states in his book "The Cinema of Roman Polanski":

"Whereas in other films Polanski . . . makes the everyday & normal appear repulsive & obscene, here he makes the potentially loathsome acceptable & even beautiful. In this he is greatly aided by Douglas Slocombe's exquisite photography. The eye is continually enchanted-magical views of distant landscapes thru the thick castle walls, Saturn & its rings seen thru the Count's telescope . . . . the vast white world & its dark trees, Sarah glimpsed thru an ice-frosted window, a cold crimson setting sun over the castle ramparts, the somber castle interiors & garlic-garlanded inn parlor—above all, the gray-green ballroom & dancers, relieved only by a splash of Sarah's sacrificial dress."

Butler's book on Polanski's films (thru ROSEMARY'S BABY) was an invaluable aid in researching this article.

The Director of Photography, quoted concerning the filming of certain sequences, said:

all done with(out) mirrors

"The cut-out effect of the landlord lying on the sledge when he is brought back from the castle and is supposed to be frozen into solid ice was obtained by very flat lighting. He was able to retain that very unnatural position by being fixed into an elaborate wire frame, which enabled him to remain rigid even when he was swung around on the table."

About the dance of the vampires he says: ". . . The climax, with the whole assembly stepping towards the large mirror but only the

Waltzing to Rag Time at the Midnight Masquerade.



The Vampire Count stifles Sarah's scream as he closes in on his prey. Does she have a prayer of escaping?

three of them being visible, was worked by building a duplicate set in reverse behind the 'mirror' and substituting doubles for the Professor, Alfred & Sarah. When they start dancing round one another, of course, the doubles were out of camera. We used the same method in the scene between Alfred & Herbert where only Alfred is visible in the mirror."

a real he-brew

Hemoglobin for a Hebrew Bat-man.

What next?

An Arabian werewolf that can only be killed by a bullet made of frozen oil?

A Hindu ghoul to whom eating corpses is a sacred cow?

An Atheistic zombie, all dressed up and no place to go?

The implications are endless.

In the meantime, the unpredictable Mr. Polanski has given us frightmares in ROSEMARY'S BABY, MACBETH, THE TENANT . . .

Yesterday, Transylvania; perhaps tomorrow the were-world!

END



The Late Ricardo Cortez with Marguerite Churchill & Boris Karloff in THE WALKING DEAD (Warner Bros. 1936).



RICARDO CORTEZ
1899-1977

HE WALKED WITH DEATH

now death has taken ricardo cortez

1899 to 1977 (Aprii 29). This was the leogth of his fifetime. Doring his 77 years he acted in over 80 motioo pictures, from the siients io 1928 weii into the taikiag era.

He appeared with Befa Lugosi (POSTAL fNSPECTOR).

He acted with Boris Karloff oo more thaa one occasioo, WAR LORD heing ooe of those occasioas.

He was with Peter Lorre ia MR. MOTO'S LAST WARNiNG.

Aod he was ia the cast of THE LOST ZEPPELiN, PHANTOM OF THE HOUSE, the first MALTESE FALCON, CASE OF THE BLACK CAT, MAN WfTH 2 FACES, TALK OF THE DEVfL and PHANTOM OF CRESTWOOD.

Most memorahiy he appeared with Boris Karioff ia his 1936 scientifiim THE WALKiNG DEAD. Cortez, who speciafized ia suave & shady characters, played the ieader of a group of politicai gaosters who framed Karloff ioto the death cefi & electrocutioo. When Karioff was revived hy Edmuad (THEM!) Gwean, Cortez & Co. were io mortai daager of THEiR iives.

But now Prince Sirki has writteo "Fiois" to Cortez' iife story. Aod "dead meo rise up oever". R.f.P.

END

Were-wolves strike again

all about the wolfmen

by Deborah Falen



A woe-mantic moment in "Return of the Vampire."

A MAN—young, handsome & splendidly attired—has thrown himself upon the ground, where he writhes like a stricken serpent, in horrible convulsions.

He is the prey of a demonic excitement: madness is in his brain; his mind is on fire.

Lightnings appear to gleam from his eyes.

"Oh, no! no!" he cries with a piercing shriek, as if wrestling madly, furiously, but vainly, against some unseen fiend that holds him in its grasp.

His handsome countenance elongates into one of savage & brute-like shape; the rich garment which he wears becomes a rough, shaggy & wiry skin; his body loses its human contours; his arms & limbs take another form.

And, with a frantic howl of misery, he starts wildly away.

No longer a man but—a monstrous wolf!

• • •

This frightening event is from "Wagner, the Wehr-Wolf" by GWMReynolds, which first appeared in 1846 as a serialized novel. It was an immediate hit because of its bizarre subject matter.

Since the beginning of time, man has been captivated by



David Rintoul as Etoile in "Legend of the Werewolf". He wolfed down his supper and now he's beginning to suffer. Some people are hard to swallow. We suggest two Tums with an Alka-Seltzer chaser.

the idea of changing his body into the form of an animal, bird or even an insect. Cave paintings from the prehistoric eras have shown men attempting to develop the characteristics of fierce animals by dressing in the skins of the chosen creature. This idea was not limited to the cavemen; all over the world there have been stories of people who can change into animals. The most well-known are werewolves but in other countries where there are no wolves, it can be were-bears, were-leopards or even were-walruses among the Eskimos. In most places people will change into the fiercest animal of the area. Everywhere except England: there were-hares are common and the only danger from them is to your garden. There don't seem to be any stories of someone being hopped to death by a were-hare.

lon the lycanthrope

But werewolves are a different story and that story has been told many times in many languages. The most famous werewolf is Lawrence Talbot who first appeared in THE WOLF MAN. Even tho he seemed to die in the film, he returned to meet Frankenstein, Dracula, assorted mad scientists and, of course, Abbott & Costello. Despite this social life, the average werewolf is not so friendly, at least not in Europe. There they are a great danger because everyone is suspect.

the signs of the werewolf

There are some tell-tale signs to beware of when were-wolf-hunting.

Eyebrows that meet over the



That's a doggone good pillow there, fellow! WOLF MAN Larry Talbot relaxes between bites.

bridge of the nose.

Index fingers that are longer than the middle finger.

Hair on the palms of the hands. Pointed ears.

A 5-pointed star somewhere on the body (which only appears after the first kill).

Bright red eyes with the pupils elongated up & down instead of being round.

All this plus a very nervous personality. But you would be nervous too if you couldn't control changing into a wolf. Most movie werewolves change only during the full moon and they are half-man & half-wolf. But "real" werewolves change into huge wolves, sometimes silvery, sometimes pure black, but most importantly, *whenever they want to!* Most are wolves because they want to be!

terror on television

An excellent video example of this was an episode of *Night Gallery* based on Seabury Quinn's "Phantom Farmhouse". A family of werewolves lived in a forest in a ghostly house. They ventured out at night as huge wolves to terrorize the region. Their end was brought about when the werewolf daughter fell in love and revealed the secret of their destruction. This illustrated another bit of werewolf lore: no matter how horrible & guilty werewolves felt, they never could destroy themselves, but could have others do it for them.

hare today & wolf tomorrow

There are several ways of becoming a werewolf:

To be bitten by a werewolf and survive as in UNDYING MONSTER or THE BOY WHO CRIED WEREWOLF.

To be put under a curse.

Belong to a family of werewolves.

Eat the brains of a wolf.

Drink water from a stream where 3 or more wolves have drunk.

Drink rain collected in the indentation of a wolf's footprint.

Best of all, perform certain magic spells at midnight in a forest, using herbs & drugs and, most importantly, a large belt made of wolf's hair. In the forest you must draw special figures on the ground, mix the drugs & herbs, some you drink and some you rub on your body while wearing the wolf skin belt and saying the magic words. Everything must be done exactly right or it will not work. It is easier to become a were-hare according to an English witch. All you have to say is:

I shall go into a hare,
With sorrow & sighing & mickle care,
And I shall go in the Devil's name
Till I come home again.

There is another verse to change back into a human. Which might be a problem since hares are not noted for their voices.

to make folks holler, be a language scholar

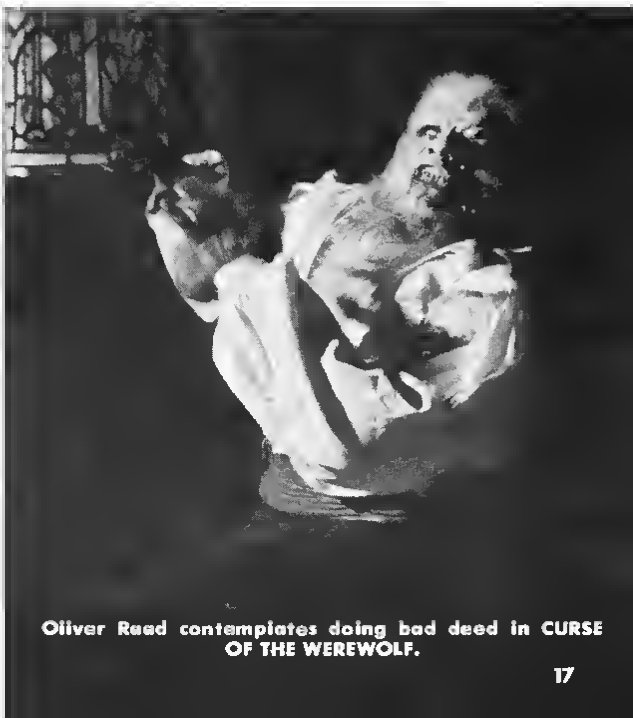
Most traditional werewolf lore is from the European countryside but movie & TV werewolves have turned up in cosmopolitan England in THE WEREWOLF OF LONDON and in rural Louisiana where they have the

If LIFE magazine hadn't played up the runaway success of I WAS A TEENAGE WEREWOLF (Michael Landon, above) in 1957, FM might never be celebrating its 20th Anniversary in 1978. Truth!

NIGHT OF THE WOLF. Film werewolves have even attended school as in I WAS A TEENAGE WEREWOLF and WEREWOLF IN A GIRLS' DORMITORY. The only werewolves in the schools in Europe according to legend were the scholars who learned enough magic to make a deal with the devil in order to become shape-changers. They had little time for anything else because it seems all deals had to be made in Latin; so a great deal of time had to be spent just in learning enough Latin so as not to get cheated.

reel werewolves vs. real werewolves

Movie werewolves kill anyone who gets in the way when they have changed but the European werewolf keeps its human mind and knows perfectly well everything it is doing the whole time it is in wolf form. As would be expected, there are good werewolves & there are bad werewolves. Like the story of a lost little boy in a forest at night, who was led out



Oliver Reed contemplates doing bad deed in CURSE OF THE WEREWOLF.



Whatever became of Kerwin Mathews, Sinbad of Harryhousen's 7th VOYAGE OF SINBAD? Don't look now but that's him above as the father of THE BOY WHO CRIED WEREWOLF (Universal).

of the forest by a huge wolf. It was discovered that the wolf was a werewolf who had a curse on him; if he did not harm anyone for 7 years, he would be able to resume his human form. But cases like this are rare; most werewolves are supposed to be evil and enjoy the taste of humans.

the bane of werewolves

So it's necessary to have some protection against them. Wolfbane is good, yet the best way to be safe from werewolves is to avoid them. Tho a silver bullet is said to be the best way to kill one, sometimes exorcism, as in *The Phantom Farmhouse*, works.

In some places a werewolf can even be killed or at least harmed by normal weapons. When this happens then the werewolf will regain its human form, which is exactly what happened at the end of *The Legend of the Werewolf.* This is a very dangerous way of detecting them as the following story shows.

the paws that re-fleshes

A man hunting in a forest was attacked by a huge wolf which he managed to drive off after cutting off one of its paws, which he put in his hunting sack. He started home and met a friend to whom he told his story as he showed him his souvenir. But when the men examined the paw they found that it was a woman's hand with a ring on it. The friend recognized the ring as belonging to his wife. They ran to his house and discovered the wife in bed with one of her hands cut off.

When a werewolf is wounded and regains its human form, the wound will be in the same spot on the human body. This idea was used in Hammer's CURSE OF THE WEREWOLF based on Guy Endore's 1933 novel, "The Werewolf of Paris". The child Leon is discovered to have been shot the morning after a local farmer says he shot a wolf which attacked his sheep. Also in this film true love was a cure for the curse. A risky business to say the least because the werewolf and the beloved must be together to stop the transformation. If it is not "true love" somebody is in a lot of trouble.

a werewolf's lot is not so hot

Being a werewolf is not easy and even if you manage to die you can be accidently resur-

rected like poor Waldemar Daninsky. After he was shot with a silver bullet and was killed in FURY OF THE WOLFMAN, he came back to live in THE WEREWOLF vs. THE VAMPIRE WOMAN when the doctors examining his body in the morgue removed the silver bullet from his heart. This noble Polish werewolf is the creation of Paul Naschy of Spain, who has featured him in 8 films in the last several years including THE MARK OF THE WEREWOLF and DR. JEKYLL & THE WEREWOLF.

bad breath

Werewolves & vampires are usually mentioned in the same breath and closely associated. In films they sometimes appear together as the werewolf servant of the vampire in THE RETURN OF THE VAMPIRE. Also if a werewolf is finally killed for good his problems may not be over. If he was evil, then like all evil people when they die, he is doomed to become a vampire. This law of the supernatural extends even to FM so that tho this werewolf story appears to be finished it may yet return as a vampire in the future!

END



Bradford Dillman ain't no Gillman in terrorvision tole "Moon of the Wolf."

STARS



Sharper than the tooth of a sabertooth tiger is the light-saber with which Darth Vader & Ben Kenobi duel to the death.

WARM

the experts speak: do you agree? - part 2

STAR WARS affects different people in different ways. Last issue we brought you the reactions of a number of outstanding individuals (out standing in long lines like the rest of you).

Now FM's famous photographer of the mon-stars leads off with his opinion, followed by those of other important people in the film & fantasy industry, including STAR TREK's popular Lt. Sulu, Geo. Takei.

Walt Daugherty calls STAR WARS "Flash Gordon with a doctorate," and he should know whereof he speaks as he has probably seen 90% of all sci-fi, fantasy & gothic films made in the USA, having been active in the field for over 40 years. He is at present Curator of the Hollywood Motion Picture Museum.

●

R2-D2 + C-3PO + OBI-WAN KENOBI = BLOCK BUSTER FORMULA

If anyone had ever approached me with the idea that by combining fragments of Buck Rogers, Errol Flynn swashbucklers, Jack Armstrong, the Tin Man of Oz, Bug-Eyed Monsters, Laurel & Hardy, Wyatt Earp, World War II dogfights and the idea the Good Guys vs. the Bad Guys, they could come up with a GREAT motion picture, I would have said that they were out of their minds. One man not only came up with this idea, but also with a 12-page outline convinced the powers-that-be at 20th Century-Fox that it was feasible and practical, and then proceeded to do the impossible. George Lucas is that man. Then with two years put into the script and three years of production with its myriad problems, he hit the Silver Screen with a real blockbuster . . . STAR WARS.

Lucas brought together two established stars—Sir Alec Guinness and Peter Cushing—along with several basically screen unknowns for his cast. Then by drawing from the talents of over 70 fine technicians and five scientific companies he produced a film of sci-fi-fantasy that boggles the mind and dazzles the eyes.

In two hours and two minutes full of sheer delight he literally and actually takes us out of this mundane world into the far reaches of space. What a relief to leave the everyday politics, inflation, murder, mayhem and the thousand and one shocks which "all flesh is heir to" and escape into a fantastic space opera. In three travelling paragraphs at the film's beginning Lucas sets the complex plot, then lets each character, human, monster and mechanical introduce themselves without taking a third of the film to develop and analyze their psychological backgrounds before getting into the story.

Most of his technical talent was drawn from graduates of the

STAR SWARM

schools of "A Clockwork Orange" "2001", "Silent Running", Dr. Strangelove", "Thunderball", and "King Kong". Their talents combined with that of many other top film-magic personnel pulled together a fast moving and well-jelled piece of film wizardry. With over 300 cannibalized model kits, odd bits of sound from over 30 languages, spinning sabers which reflect black light with over 200 times normal brilliance, 363 special effects ("2001" is reported to have only about 35), and 900 people with actors ranging from 3 feet 8 inches to 7 feet tall, a space spectacular evolves that tingles the senses as no other film has ever done.

Among the numerous innovations introduced by Lucas, I cite just two. First, instead of the environmental norm for most pictures of the future or outer space being represented as clean, neat and hospital-sterile, all of his scenes appear as if they were shot on location on several planets, with that everyday used-car appearance including dented robots, burned and seared space ships . . . if you will, an ecologically run down universe. Secondly, where practically all futuristic or other-world films create only one alien or enemy monster or good guy, Lucas brings together a vast array of creatures, aliens, humans, androids and robots, and they all work (no pun intended).

It is a must-see film that I would rate in the ten best in sci-fi cinema history. A real escape from the tensions of everyday life without the usual "message" shoved down our throats.

One last thought: when you leave the theater at night and stare up into the star-studded sky into the outer reaches of space and shudder as you recall that Darth Vader is still there somewhere ready to attack again, fear not, for . . . and I say this FORCEfully . . . "Obi-Wan Kenobi still lives!"

●

GEORGE TAKEI (rhymes with Okay) is a very serious gentleman with deep concerns for the present *and* the future. Whether on Earth or among the Stars, he has the welfare of humanity very much at heart—as you will discover when you read his reaction to STAR WARS:

STAR WARS is the most preposterously diverting galactic escape and at the same time the most hideously credible portent of the future yet.

While I thrilled to the exploits that reminded me of the heroics of



GEORGE TAKEI (STAR TREK'S SULU)

Errol Flynn as Robin Hood, Burt Lancaster as the Crimson Pirate and Buster Crabbe as Flash Gordon, I was at the same time aghast at the phantasmagoric violence technology can place at our disposal. STAR WARS raised in my mind the question—do we indeed have a future?

It seems to me what George Lucas has done is to masterfully guide us on a journey through space and time and bring us bach face to face with today's reality. STAR WARS is more than science fiction, I think it is science fictitious reality.

Just yesterday, June 7, 1977, I read that the United States will embark on the production of a neutron bomb—a bomb that will kill people on a gigantic scale but will not destroy buildings. A few days before that, I read that the Pentagon is fearful that the Soviets may have developed a warhead that could neutralize ours that have a capacity for that irrational concept overkill to the nth power. Already, it seems we have the technology to realize the awesome special effects simulations that we saw in the film.

The political scene of STAR WARS is that of government by force and power, of revolutions based on some unfathomable grievance, survival through a combination of cunning and luck and success by the harnessing of technology—a picture not very much at variance from the political headlines that we read today.

And most of all, look at the people; both the heroes in the film and the reaction of the audience. First, the heroes; Luke Skywalker is a pretty but easily led youth. Without any real philosophy to guide him, he easily falls under the influence of a mystical old man believed previously to be an eccentric hermit. Recognize a 1960's hippie or a 1970's moonie? Han Solo has a philosophy coupled with courage and skill. His philosophy is money. His proficiency comes for a price —the highest. Solo is a thoroughly avaricious mercenary. And the Princess, a decisive, strong, self-confident and chilly woman. The audience cheered when she wielded a gun. In all three, I missed qualities that could be called humane —love, kindness, yes, I missed sensuality. I also missed a sense of ideals and faith. In this regard the machines seemed more human. They demonstrated real affection for each other and an occasional poutiness. They exhibited a sense of fidelity and constancy. The machines were humanized and the humans conversely seemed mechanical.

As a member of the audience, I was swept up by the sheer romantic escapism of it all. The deeringdos, the rope swing escape across the pit, the ray gun battles and especially the swask buckle with

the ray swords. Great fun!

But I just hope that we weren't too intoxicated by the escapism to be able to focus on the recognizable. I hope the beauty of the effects didn't narcotize our sensitivity to violence. I hope the people see through the fantastically well done futuristic mirrors to the disquieting reflection of our own society. I hope they enjoy STAR WARS without being "purely entertained".

●

VERNE LANGDON is the resident Makeup Maestro of FM who has given us so many enlightening features in the past on the past-masters of filmic facial alteration.

He was the last man to make up Boris Karloff.

And was responsible—for which we are all eternally grateful—for persuading The King to transcribe the Decca album, *An Evening with Boris Karloff & His Friends.*

"Poe with Pipes" . . . "The Vampyre of the Harpsichord" . . . "The Phantom of the Organ"—these classic eerie albums are of Langdon's doing . . . and fright fans' undoing.

He authored "Thin Monster Captured", an interview with John Carradine, in FM 41.

Was involved in makeups for PLANET OF THE APES and the Monsterama Show at Universal Studios.

Lucky attendees at the First Famous Monsters of Filmland Convention still shudder at the memory of James Warren turned into the Frankenstein Monster before their bugged-out eyes by the makeup magic of Verne Langdon.

Verne now gives us an unusual viewpoint on STAR WARS—and hang onto your putty noses, it's an unexpected one!

George Lucas has said "I think of this as a movie Disney would have made when Walt Disney was alive" Aside from a Shaggy Dog-type Chewbacca, I cannot share Mr. Lucas's view of the property. To my way of thinking, Walt Disney wouldn't have troubled himself. Not to say SW isn't a biggie—quite the contrary. 2001 *shrinks to insignificance by comparison, and FLASH GORDON almost (but not quite) sinks quickly in the West. But for all the hoopla, not to mention soaring box office figures and mile-long lines of moviegoers, this epic is just cowboys & indians swathed in Reynolds Wrap. Don't tune me out yet . . . hear this: the effects in all departments are superb—animation, costume design, sets, makeup, music, locations—in*



VERNE LANGDON

fact, downright brilliant! And, in an industry which all-too-often cuts corners in these utterly essential categories, I bow to all the dedicated craftsmen for their expertise, and to Lucas & Fox for spending money where money should be spent. But it should only be a matter of time before the estate of L. Frank Baum cries "plagiarism!" against all parties for renaming Dorothy "Luke" and substituting a computer, robot and ape-man for the Scarecrow, Tin Man and Cowardly Lion.

Someday they will erect a Statue of Literature in the Harbor of Long Beach near Hollywood, and she will bear the inscription near her feet "Give me your tired, your poor, your bungled scripts yearning to breathe free, the wretched refuse of your teeming story lines, send these—the lifeless— tempest-tossed to me; I will lift my golden lamp beside the story editors."

●

STUART J. BYRNE had his first scientification story publiahed in Amazing Stories in 1935. He is the author of the magazine novels "Colossus", "Colossus II" & "Colossus III".

The pocketbook *Thundar*, the paperback *Starman.*

A translator of the *Perry Rhodan* (Peacelord of the Universe) series.

Scripter of the scenitifilm DOOMSDAY MINUS 5.

Altogether he'a had several million words of sci-fi published in America, Germany, Holland and elsewhere in the world. Under his own name and his well-known pen name John Bloodstone.

He is a kaleidoscope of concepts, a volcano of volumes & a cascade of ideas. His idea of STAR WARS is:

The keywords are: kilometer stone, landmark, breakthrough. Forget the phenomenal public response and the landslide box office impacts. When many a sophisticate comes back at four dollars a copy to stand in those two-hour lines for the fourth and fifth round, it's time to seek out the causes.

What were the magic ingredients? Special effects? Opticals? Scope and movement? Certainly all of these, but "2001", "Logan's Run" and "Future World" delivered rich servings of these elements also. What else provided the golden touch? Was it some rare catalyst in the combination of producer Gary Kurtz and writer-director George Lucas, pushing through a high-blaster heavy-hardware production for under $10 million, no matter what the unique problems of screen portrayal? Was it the story, the novel characterizations, the happy mixture of monsters, androids and humans, the straightforward adventure in the classical myth-format of hero-in-cyclic-return-from-the-dreaded-region, replete with a male version of the fairy

STAR SWARM

godmother? Was it the veteran delivery of Alec Guinness and Peter Cushing (expertly tight-roping over obvious chasms of cliche and parody), or the welcome freshness of such younger talents as those of Mark Hamill, Carrie Fisher and Harrison Ford? Undoubtedly all of these were contributing factors, but at first glance a greater essence eludes us —and it will continue to elude the imitators of STAR WARS in the future, unless they get the "point".

As an SF writer I know that I and my peers wouldn't have dared to either write or script this story as a bid for any major production. Editors, writers and reviewers in the genre might in fact consider it as an Exhibit A of all the forbidden cliches in the book—the D.I.D. (damsel in distress), the B.E.M.s (bug-eyed monsters), the stereotyped heroics and villainies and even the subtle touch of S.A.S. (sword and sorcery)... All of these ingredients are precisely the standard no-nos which have relegated countless stories and scripts to the garage or cellar, ever since the first sophistications began to appear in SF during the 1940s and 1950s. (The story outline of STAR WARS was rejected by United Artists and Universal, and it was a borderline orphan at Fox.) This is to cast no aspersions whatsoever on brother Lucas. The most caustic and self-righteous purist among SF reviewers would have to applaud both the book and the picture for its characterizations and often simplistic charm, which derives its main appeal from being uncontrived and in achieving its frank objective of straight entertainment (like "Love Story" and "The Sound of Music"). In fact it was the "unsell" that sold.

However, the hidden *breakthrough here is something else. Three vital principles are involved. One of these returns to an old but oft-forgotten axiom: that which becomes cliche in one generation may be fresh discovery in another. Kurtz and Lucas evidently placed their bets on this one. And they were so right.*

But the second principle could possibly have escaped Lucas himself. He either adhered to it consciously in this production, or he tapped it intuitively. SF writers have always suppressed a full expression of their future visions (on the screen) because of the long-standing technical and financial limitations involved. "Too much hardware" was always a frequent objection from wary studios or producers. Modern techniques in opticals, miniatures and laboratory wizardry have overcome many of these hurdles. There are also techniques available which haven't yet been exploited, and no doubt other developments along these lines will open wider avenues for the dream-makers in general. What all this boils down to is that STAR WARS has proved a very vital point: the true *vision of the future and the awesome scope of life potential in the universe may now be delivered. (We have only begun.) the audiences enjoy this picture objectively for all the other reasons given, but on a subjective level they are drawn to it repeatedly* because it opens a very real window on the prophetic vision of the SF mind. *There is a disturbingly convincing reality here as one sees and feels the imperious might of a gigantic space battleship or a moon-sized power plant which is capable of destroying entire planets. Some of the "fiction" recedes as we perceive in those vicious energy beams or in those breathtaking miles of lighted satellite windows*



Four overnight famous people: Luke Skywater, Princess Leio & Han Solo. You wanno argue with Chewie that he ain't "people"?

STAR SWARM

the frightening yet wondrous potential of human or humanoid intelligence.

So STAR WARS keynotes the breakthrough. Many a previously suppressed vision of Tomorrow will be inhibited no longer. In that vision will be seen what these present audiences are also responding to: an upbeat *view of what we can become—and herin lies the third principle. I think STAR WARS makes its impact by helping us to escape the downbeat. The* non-*vision of our over-emphasized iniquities has surfeited the spirit with ennui. Sex, hate, crime and violence have synthesized a rejectable self-image. The world today seems to be bogged down in an atmosphere of Death, Doom and Destruction. But people in general have a deep down optimism, a feeling that, in a better Tomorrow, the pessimistic "reality" of Today will prove to have been a false reality.*

In STAR WARS the door swings wide to more valid horizons long-held in reserve, and to a lorger dimension of ourselves as a species. The barriers have been removed, thanks to pathfinders Gary Kurtz and George Lucas.

●

GEORGE PAL, just back from being a Guest of Honor at the Science Fiction Exposition in Tucson, could only he caught on the phone for a breathless quote:

As I always said, SPECIAL EFFECTS is as big a star as anyone in the business.

George will be pulling all stops out for the Special Effects in his future projects, which include IN THE DAYS OF THE COMET & TIME MACHINE II.

●

KRIS NEVILLE has written 3 acknowledged sf classics:

"*Bettyann.*"
"*Special Delivery.*"
"*Old Man Henderson.*"

In addition he's pleased the public with such paperbacks as *The Unearth People, The Mutants, Invaders on the Moon, Mission: Manstop & Peril of the Star Men.*



GEO PAL

9 years in the writing, he has just completed a collaboration with his wife Lil, a monumental quarter of a million word Novel of Ideas ("about 4000 of them," he says) called THORSTEIN MACAULAY.

Neville's idea about STAR WARS differs radically from most. If you disagree with his reaction, let us have your letters.

STAR WARS is a space opera. The space opera is a well-defined subgenre of sci-fi. There are two types.

Type I. The Doc Smith type. Mind-boggling concept follows mind-boggling concept. At first there is one giant spaceship, then ten, then ten thousand. At first there is one enemy and one friend, and then behind the enemy stands a bigger enemy and behind the friend stands a bigger friend. Eventually events the characters are caught up in are seen to be just minor incidents in an aeon-long struggle between good and evil.

Type II. Planet Story *type. There is an Empire that includes thousands of worlds. There is a power struggle between the good guys and the bad guys for control of the throne. There is a young hero and a damsel in distress. The hero saves the day as a result of his heroic action.*

The space opera is obviously kid fiction. Some people after they get out of their mid-teens can go back and reread the Doc Smith type and still enjoy it, but the Planet Story *type is so universally awful that you give up on it after you stop moving your lips when you read.*

I went to see STAR WARS having heard it described as an authentic Planet Story *space opera with visuals that were better than* 2001. *I pictured it as a hybrid of Types I and II. The plot was, I supposed, II-ish and the battle scenes and intellectual sweep, I-ish. It sounded like great fun, and I went full of pleasant anticipation. I don't much like movies, but this sounded like my cup of tea—tongue in cheek, slam-bang action-adventure, photographed with taste, intelligence and sophistication, somewhat like PLANET OF THE APES. When the movie opened, I was sure I had a real winner. There was this monstrous ship passing over the camera that just went on and on and* on. *Doc Smith lives!*

After the ship passed over, there was a fight scene. And what a fight scene! Blaster beams going every which way. Furniture exploding, walls melting and bodies falling. The damsel was captured. I was really in for a treat. Not five minutes had passed.

But where was the hero fighting free to escape the spaceship and fight another day? No hero. A couple of 'droids *but no hero. I always thought to get into one of these* Planet Story *space operas at all, you had to have a hero to identify with. Otherwise, the thing fell completely apart from terminal silliness. There was no hero.*

And did the movie start to drag! It went nowhere interminably. Cliche followed cliche for a full 40 minutes with nothing happening to advance the story and rescue the damsel in distress. A good old-time pulp editor would have cut most of that tedious talk-talk-talk out and built up the action scenes. The story was getting entirely lost. I started to get bored. My attention

STAR SWARM

wandered to the details. Nothing about them pleased me particularly.

The mechanical man walked with jerky motions. The squat rotundity spoke in whistles. Dinky little aliens showed up in burnooses which hid their faces. The Roman legions arrived in mashs. The sound track could have been recorded separately in a studio. There were no lip movements and no expressions, and this coupled with theatrical sound divorced me completely from what was going on on the screen.

Rather than hearing a Wagnerian opera, I'm hearing some indifferent symphonic music getting louder and softer. The camera work is unimaginative, the dialog is dull, the direction is pedestrian, the cutting produces no excitement and the total visual effect is flat.

Two *apparently co-equal villains are introduced.* Two *nearly co-equal heroes show up. The wise old mentor assumes the burden for one of the main action lines. The essential canons of good* Planet Story *space opera have been tossed to the wind with predictable effect. Cliches from other genre are thrown in to heighten the boredom.*

Some of the special effects are good. The opening scene is impressive. The jump to hyperspace is sudden and effective, drawing applause from the audience. There are some really magnificent explosions in space. The huge warship is almost mindboggling. But the overall production values are far inferior to 2001. *No sense of the future is created, and the backgrounds for the live action material —while often excellent—are glossed over by the camera to the point where I never felt involved in the scenes.*

At no time after the movie got fully underway did I notice any of that slick competence of PLANET OF THE APES that commands willing suspension of disbelief and that complements intellegence.

The final action sequence should have had me hunched forward, cheering for the hero, like in the old Western movies on Saturday afternoon, when the kids all around are cheering and jumping up and down and encouraging the hero on. It didn't. The rest of the audience, too, is relatively relaxed during it, sort of laid back, watching. The sequence is diffuse, confused and overly long.

I always get a little teary-eyed when medals are given out, and so I found the closing scene effective.

It could have been a wonderful sendup of the old space opera. What it was was an indifferently photographed and produced motion picture from an uninspired script that was modeled on the very worst of Type II space opera. I'm 52 years old, and there was nothing in that movie for me.

For people who are not familiar with space opera at all, it will probably be a real mindblower. I took my 14 year old son with me. He liked it very much. He had a few reservations, but who doesn't? It was one of the best movies he'd ever seen, and he'd like to go back and see it again. All of which goes to prove that the old pulp formula works, the first time around, even when badly done.

●

DR. DONALD A. REED is internationally known as Founder, and President for 16 years, of the Count Dracula Society, and Founder, and President for 5 years, of the Academy of Science Fiction, Fantasy & Horror Films. He states unequivocally:

STAR WARS is the best science fiction film of 1977.

Indeed Jim Cowan has stated that it is the best science fiction film ever made. THE ACADEMY OF SCIENCE FICTION, FANTASY AND HORROR FILMS, annually presenting the GOLDEN SCROLL AWARDS, nominated STAR WARS immediately as the best picture of the year. It will be a leading candidate, indeed the leading candidate, for all of the ACADEMY's area awards in December 1977.

STAR WARS is a landmark in the evolution of the science fiction film, an epic fantasy destined to become for today's young people what the films of the late 1930s and early 1940s (such as WIZARD OF OZ, THIEF OF BAGDAD, etc.) were to another generation.

THE SCI-FI ACADEMY nominated the following from STAR WARS:

BEST ACTOR in a science fiction, fantasy or horror film: MARK HAMILL

BEST ACTRESS: CARRIE FISHER

BEST SUPPORTING ACTOR: PETER CUSHING & ALEC GUINESS

The Sound Man on STAR WARS is Ben Burtt. Burtt, who holds a Master's Degree in Cinema from the University of Southern California, is the former Vice-President of THE ACADEMY OF SF & HORROR FILMS. It is hoped that not only will Mr. Burtt win a Golden Scroll for sound, but that he will win an OSCAR for sound from the older ACADEMY OF MOTION PICTURES ARTS & SCIENCES. He is the type of young film maker (he's in his 20s) in fantasy films who will have a great future.

THE ACADEMY OF SCIENCE FICTION, FANTASY



DR. DONALD A. REED
(Caricature by Bill Nelson)

STAR SWARM

AND HORROR FILMS believes the science fiction film has come of age with STAR WARS and we trust our 500 members will consider it for all 30 of our awards of merit when the GOLDEN SCROLLS are voted in December of 1977.

●

CHARLES NEUTZEL is the son of the artist Albert Nuetzell (deceased) who did some of FM's earliest & best covers: Lugosi as the leader of the ISLAND OF LOST SOULS *manimals*, the Martian from WAR OF THE WORLDS, the original KING KONG. Charles has authored over 100 novels, 10 of them sci-fi (his first love). He has edited the sf anthology IF THIS GOES ON and been translated in Europe. He is currently working on the novels "Starace," "Spacer," "Star Beings," "Powerminds" & "Mindwar." He calls STAR WARS "a galactic leap warpward" and continues:

I hadn't read the reviews in TIME and NEWSWEEK—not yet. That came later. I went to STAR WARS with expectations of seeing what was supposed to be a pretty good sci-fi film.

I remembered the thrill, as a teenager, of seeing "Destination Moon" and much later of experiencing "2001"—and in between the endless Hollywood junk labeled science fiction, horror, fantasy. Some of the films had been good, for their time; most were outright frightening, in the wrong way—and forgettable!

I'll probably never forget STAR WARS!

It was the opening day in Hollywood; just before noon. Mann's Chinese Theater. The line was wrapped around the corner; the excitement tense. "May the Force be with you" buttons were given out at the ticket office with the $4.00 admission price.

I saw, somewhere, that TIME Magazine was calling STAR WARS the "Best picture of the year", and wondered if it could possibly live up to such praise.

The posters looked great; but those were nothing more than photos; easily touched up to give the wrong impression.

I was defensive—regardless of rumor, implied promise, promotion.

I left the theater 2 hours after the film started and spent the next couple of days attempting to come to terms with what had turned out to be a cinema experience beyond expectations. For special effects alone it was a galactic leap forward into the never-never land of all-but-true reality—well, sorta. But the story—they had to be kidding! Or were they?

Cute, comic robots; one a vacuum tub; one a British, scatter-brained "butler-type"—to say nothing about kiddy-comic antics of a Disney cartoon? A Princess? A metallic black robotic-looking villian? An "oh, my gosh" kind of trite plot?

And that saloon scene! Wow! Galactic monsters snatched directly from the best of sci-fi books. Light swords; 8 foot Wookie sidekicks? Well . . .

And then there was: Obi-Wan Kenobi—

Alec Guinness.

Surely a combination devoutly to be wished—an actor's actor developing his part with the same serious intent he has given all his great roles.

Mixed with Zap guns with real ZAP? A climatic space battle to stun the senses. All in living color with stereo sound? Effects that made "2001" look like the original "One Million B.C."? Sets of perfection; battered spaceships? Dusty, dented air-cars? Even space warps?

This is the movie to end all sci-fi



Luke & Han, having rescued the Princess, find themselves confronted with yet another menace—the Stormtroopers.

STAR SWARM



An Imperial laser cannon becomes stardust when a rebel fighter blows it up.

movies? The "Best picture of the year" —any year?

You better believe it.

Yet this is kiddy stuff; not for adults!

Maybe.

What gave STAR WARS that something extra to take it far beyond countless sci-fi films produced in the past, regardless of its "comic-book" plot and script? Some would suggest the special effects.

To me the total impact centers on attitude. It was created out of love for what it was—bringing PLANET STORIES/Comics to life. Perfection in direction, music, effects, sets, concept—yes, even to the comic humor, the kiddy touches that might curl an adult's mind. For once there was none of the self-conscious smugness.

Sure, "2001" had serious intent; "Logan's Run" attempted the same effect—just to name two films. But that something extra was missing.

Here for the first time was a rip-snorting sci-fi—space fantasy, if you'd rather—story right from the pulps or comics, done without any attempt to be anything other than great fun. The screen came to life with a fantasy reality—a "place" long ago and far away in a distant galaxy that does exist throughout the duration of the film.

Right from the start, the titles, the music, the immediate attack on the "Princess" spaceship, to the lost hack-like, trite, cliche scene of our three wondroas heroes gaining their just rewards from their dutifully served princess, the film grabbed and crushed you in its sensual mind-explosive grip.

What made it work for me was the very fact that every cliche that could be skillfully crammed into 2 hours was thrust at you with such beautiful style that the end result was something that can be called nothing short of—

Original.

Classic, even before it had a day to run?

A classic in its very production, in its making, development, execution.

A sequel, sadly, is called for—and it will come. I suggest sadly simply because the obvious must happen: a repeat is just that, a copy always a bit less. Yet even in its sequelized form STAR WARS II will be worth the production price and the admission price if for nothing more than to again experience PLANET STORIES brought to full light before your astounded eyes, ears, nerves, soul—total being.

STAR WARS is childhood exploded into reality; mental fantasies that were always a bit illusive, traly experienced for the first time.

Yes, it is a children's story, but how many adult children have thrillled to THE WIZARD OF OZ? Some might call it "camp"—to use an already outdated term. So be it. A step above "Star Trek" and a move sideways from "2001" and a leap forward from the endless tongue-in-cheek mockeries that pass as sci-fi.

But what producer could possibly say that such and sach story is too expensive—or that the effects would be impossible to make—once they look at the box office returns and the marvelous film magic STAR WARS demonstrates?

It is not the story, but the total prodaction values that make the point. It is not just what has been done here but what STAR WARS proves can now become reality on film.

STAR WARS marks a move forward in film making; it is an event in itself, bat even more important it has proven that any major sci-fi novel, no matter how sophisticated, can now be brought to the screen, presented in such a fashion as to satisfy both creators and audience, both the hard-core fan and the general public.

That above all else is the major importance of STAR WARS; the promise it makes for the future, not in sequels, but in new, more mature sci-fi movies.

Sadly enough we will all have to probably wait another decade to once again experience such a galactic leap warpwards. Until then, though, we have the success of STAR WARS to promote films to come—for now, it must be obvious even to hardnosed film producers that sci-fi has come of age in cinemaland.

END

MYSTERY PHOTO #101

HOT SHOT!

TOO BAD he forgot to wear his bullet-proof vest.

There are only 2 ways to re-arrange the letters in the title of the film that this foto comes from: Y RUB or BURY. But that would be too easy, so we'll add the name of the famous director (he directed Your Editor as Basil Rathbone's assistant in QUEEN OF BLOOD, and if he could direct Dr. Ackula, he could direct anybody!)

The name of the picture's director plus the picture itself all add up in a scrambled way, to IT BURY RUR ON SCAR TNING. How quickly can you unscramble it? Or are you smart enough to know he's the same man who directed NIGHT TIDE, GAMES and other psycho-melodramas?





ANSWER
MYSTERY PHOTO No. 100

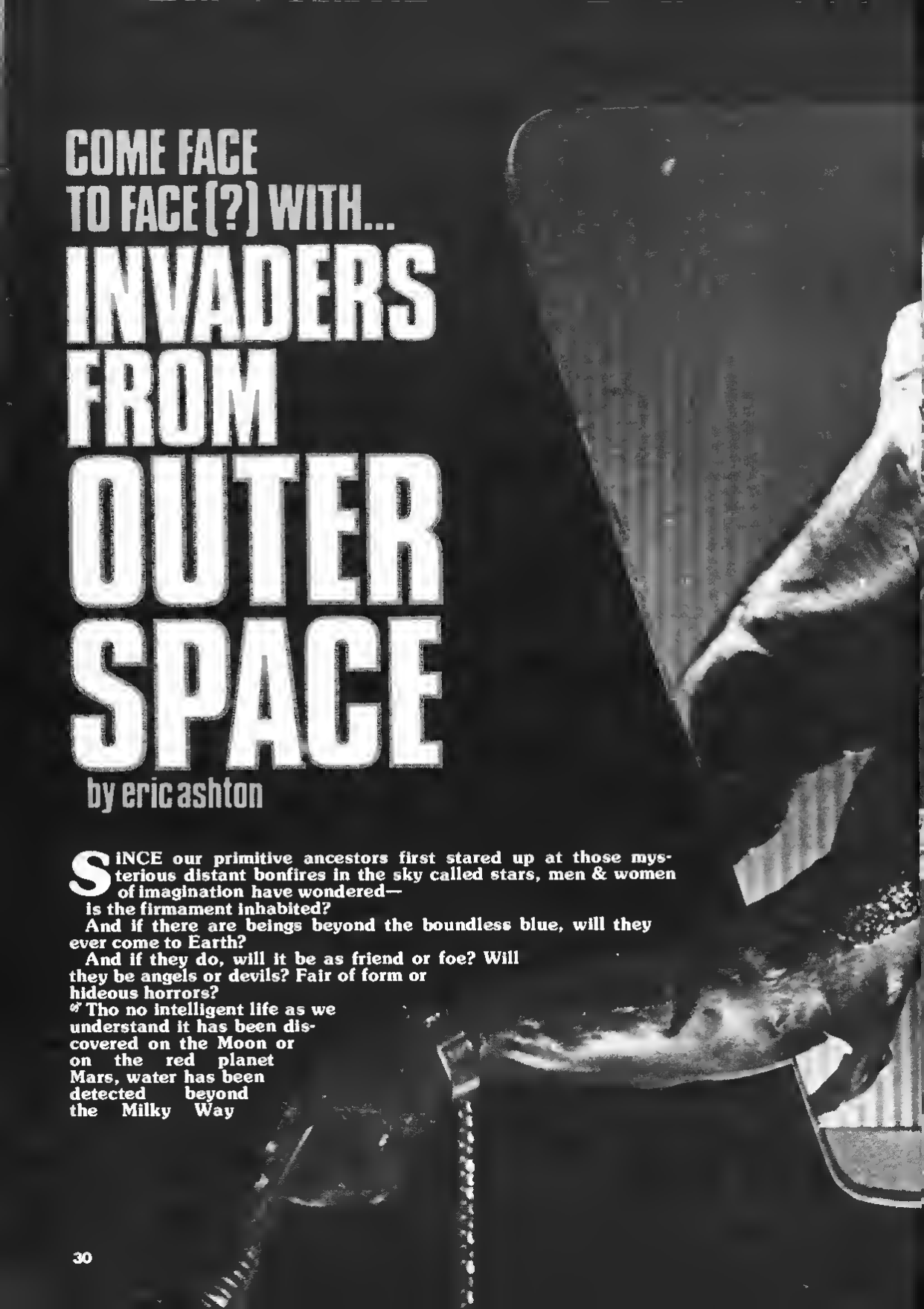
ANSWER to MYSTERY PHOTO No. 100: THE MURDER CLINIC.

Among those who correctly identified #99 as CASTLE OF THE LIVING DEAD were PARKER ANDERSON, DENNIS MURRAY, PETER COVITZ, MARK SZYMANOWSKI, CHRIS GIPPLE, FREDDIE COOPER, JIM CLEVELAND, GUY PERROTTA, ANTHONY TIMPONE, ANGIE BREWER, J. ERIK SALSBERG, TOMMY VEST, and KEVIN M. FAHEY, who adds "The witch is eating bread given to her by a midget", and SUSAN E. RUTH, who adds "Interestingly enough, Donald Sutherland played a dual role in this film, the rather grotesque witch & a bumbling police sergeant. Christopher Lee was a mysterious Count searching for a substance that would confer immortality."

COME FACE TO FACE (?) WITH...

INVADERS FROM OUTER SPACE

by eric ashton



SINCE our primitive ancestors first stared up at those mysterious distant bonfires in the sky called stars, men & women of imagination have wondered—

is the firmament inhabited?

And if there are beings beyond the boundless blue, will they ever come to Earth?

And if they do, will it be as friend or foe? Will they be angels or devils? Fair of form or hideous horrors?

Tho no intelligent life as we understand it has been discovered on the Moon or on the red planet Mars, water has been detected beyond the Milky Way



THE BEAST WITH 1,000,000 EYES. He came to Earth to meet THE MAN OF 1000 FACES.



The Martian Menace that imperilled the Earth in the Pal/Wells masterpiece of interplanetary action & imagination, WAR OF THE WORLDS.

Galaxy. It is possible for life (intelligent life, we hope) to exist. It is unlikely that it will be like us so it will be our background in sci-fi that will help us to understand the aliens.

Let's hope that they are at least friendly and want to be understood. Let's hope they do not come as—

invaders from beyond

"People of Earth—Attention! We are the survivors of a disintegrated solar system. At this moment the remainder of our fleet is circling your globe. They are awaiting a signal to tell them where to land."

In Ray Harryhausen's animation thriller of intergalactic war, EARTH VS. THE FLYING SAUCERS, strange beings tried to conquer us with destructive rays. We escaped conquest only by the narrowest of margins in a battle predominantly fought in Washington, D.C. which still ranks as one of the screen's greatest spectacles.

These beings came from beyond our solar system. No longer can we believe in the reality of such films as RADAR MEN FROM THE MOON since we know this type of life does not exist there.

But what type of life *can* exist?

villainous vegetables

After a rocket returns to the Earth with 2 of its 3 astronauts *drained of blood inside their spacesuits* and the third almost a madman, Prof. Quatermass (Brian Donlevy) discovers a human body with a strange growth on its face. The tissue structure is eaten away. The bone is reduced to powder. This causes Quatermass to speculate on the type of unearthly entity which might cause such disfigurations in THE CREEPING UNKNOWN:

"What if there is a form of life in space—not on some planet—just drifting. Not life as we know it. With intelligence—yes—but pure energy with no organic structure . . . invisible!

"Now the rocket passed thru its path and it entered the rocket. It found living specimens of our form of life. Human cell organisms. Now if, even by accident, it could *enter* one of those structures . . . what a way to invade the Earth!"

He realizes that something got into the spaceship, took the blood out of 2 astronauts and is using the third as a carrier. And an affinity—a union—between plant & animal is created with the ability to destroy & possess & multiply at will!

The plant-thing is electrocuted atop Westminster Abbey but that certainly didn't stop our *herbicidal* maniacs!

Meteors caused world-wide blindness among human beings and *things* sprang from seeds spewed from the celestial rocks in THE DAY OF THE TRIFFIDS. Sea water finally dissolved & destroyed the deadly perambulating plants.

IT CONQUERED THE WORLD featured what looked like a giant crimson cucumber from Venus controlling minds.

deadly doppelgangers

But the greatest nightmare of all lurked in the fields of Santa Mira, Calif. As one man described it:

"Less than a month ago, Santa Mira was like any other town—people with nothing but problems. Then out of the sky came a solution . . . seeds drifting thru space for years took root in a farmer's field. From the seeds came pods which had the power to reproduce themselves in the exact likeness of any form of life . . ."

The new bodies grew, taking over human beings. Cell for cell. Atom for atom. There was no pain. Suddenly while you slept they would absorb your minds—your memories—and you were reborn into an untroubled world where everyone was the same. An automaton. An



The man who began to metamorphose into a Monster in THE CREEPING UNKNOWN, an excellent example of science fiction transferred to the screen in 1956.

ersatz. A puppet-person. This was the menace called THE INVASION OF THE BODY SNATCHERS.

Deadly plants panted after beautiful girls in INVASION OF THE STAR CREATURES, an absolutely potty picture.

In INVASION OF THE SAUCERMEN dwarfs with bulbous brains made people turn green with terror.

dumb thing to do or high i.q.?

The invaders which threatened us were not always intelligent.

THE BLOB was a shapeless mass which *absorbed* animals & people. As it ingested living creatures, it *grew*. Only by freezing could it be controlled and dropped in the frozen Arctic waste . . . only to reappear when a construction crew found it in SON OF THE BLOB (also known as BEWARE OF THE BLOB).

But more often than not the things which tried to take over the Earth (or a small part of it) were intelligent. Most came for reasons of conquest, like LOST PLANET in which we were invaded by robotmen with deathrays from the planet Ergro.

Even our own dead were reanimated by invaders and used against us in INVISIBLE INVADERS & PLAN 9 FROM OUTER SPACE & THE EARTH DIES SCREAMING. The NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD was brought about by microbes which hitched a ride on a returning space capsule.

THE ANDROMEDA STRAIN was also caused by an unknown type of alien bacteria.

Sometimes there were extenuating circumstances for the invasion of our planet.

In trying to explain the INVADERS FROM MARS, one scientist-actor said:

"There isn't enough oxygen on Mars and the surface is too cold to support human life as we know it. There is a theory, consequently, that their cities are underground near some central core of heat. Or that they live in spaceships.

"That can't be proved. But it can't be disproved, either. Can you disprove, for example, that the Martians have bred a race of synthetic humans to save themselves from extinction? They're called mutants.

"Say you're a Martian. With the aid of these mutants you've developed a way of life to save your race. Giant ships floating in space with



The gigantic alien robot destroys a Japanese town in THE MYSTERIANS (1959).

sufficient oxygen to sustain life. Then the inhabitants of another planet start shooting powerful rockets, endangering your zone of survival. Wouldn't you want to do something about it?"

war of the wells

After HGWells' novel THE WAR OF THE WORLDS was published in 1898, Mars became the focal point of many of our fears about the unknown menace which might attack from another planet in our solar system. For we became aware that "human affairs were being watched keenly & closely by intelligences greater than man's. No one gave a thought to the older worlds as a source of human danger.

"Yet across the gulf of space, on the planet Mars, intellects vast & cool & unsympathetic regarded our Earth with envious eyes, slowly & surely drawing their plans against us . . ."

George Pal's 1952 production of WAR OF THE WORLDS is considered by fans & critics alike to be a triumph of special effects. The battle between the feeble defences of the Earth and the invincible Martian war-machines still holds audiences spellbound.

The Martians were physically degenerate creatures who needed the youthful Earth. Tho possessed of anemic blood, they had developed protective force-fields which even atomic bombs could not penetrate.

Having come from a sterilized world, the Martians had no resistence to diseases from which we were immune. They were destroyed by our tiniest warriors—Earthly bacteria!

Mars has often been a source of malevolent invading aliens such as—

THE FLYING DISC MAN FROM MARS.
THE DEVIL GIRL FROM MARS.
THE ROBOT MONSTER.

The mansize insectoids of 5 MILLION YEARS TO EARTH.

Not to overlook the violet villains of THE PURPLE MONSTER STRIKES.

ladies' day

If invading hordes weren't looking for a fertile planet to usurp, they were trying to steal our women. There were—



"Shadow, shadow, on the wall—am I the scariest invader of them all?" Cosmic Creature from I MARRIED A MONSTER FROM OUTER SPACE, Paramount, 1958.



Heerts stood still THE DAY THE EARTH STOOD STILL and Michael (Klaatu) Rennie, Patricia Neal & Great Gort posed for this still picture.

MARS NEEDS WOMEN.

BLOOD BEAST FROM OUTER SPACE.

I MARRIED A MONSTER FROM OUTER SPACE, starring actor-turned-author (author of the popular terror novel & film THE OTHER), Tom Tryon.

THE MYSTERIANS came from a planet called Mysterious, which entered our solar system and with a giant robot & destructive rays tried to kidnap our women for breeding purposes.

space pirates

Invaders came from almost every conceivable place in the galaxy.

The Ymir of Ray Harryhausen's great 20 MILLION MILES TO EARTH came from Venus as well as the robots of TARGET: EARTH! and the STRANGER FROM VENUS.

From a place called Astron Delta came the KILLERS FROM SPACE to breed giant reptiles & insects in a cave.

From a wandering planet which visited our galaxy came THE MAN FROM PLANET X starring Robert (THE HIDEOUS SUN DEMON) Clarke.

John (THE MOLE PEOPLE) Agar's body was invaded by THE BRAIN FROM PLANET AROUS.

YOG—THE MONSTER FROM SPACE was a living force from an asteroid belt which entered various Earth creatures such as an octopus, crab, turtle, and increased their size gigantically. It was destroyed by ultrasonic bat screams according to Walt Lee's "Reference Guide to the Fantastic Films".

On & on they came in countless legions from a one-eyed alien in THE ATOMIC SUBMARINE to a glowing globular horror which gave human children eerie powers in SPACE CHILDREN. Speaking of children, who can forget the frightening VILLAGE OF THE DAMNED, in which extraterrestrials fathered half-human super-children with incredible abilities?

However, when we think of the most terrifying invaders it is not THE BEAST WITH A MILLION EYES or the phosphorescent AS TOUNDING SHE-MONSTER or the shaggy beaked monstrosity from NIGHT OF THE BLOOD BEAST or the pallid PHANTOM

FROM SPACE. The first fiend which springs to mind is the awesome THING.

arness in horror harness

James Arness played the vegetable-creature from another world which fed on human blood and which was finally electrocuted in the pulse-pounding climactic moments of the screen version of the sci-fi classic by the late great John W. Campbell.

One of the cornerstones of true terror is to be placed in a situation from which there is no escape. And, truly, an Arctic station in the middle of a blizzard offers no escape.

Ray Bradbury's original story IT CAME FROM OUTER SPACE offered a different view of terror-inspired alien life-forms. These beings crashed on Earth and it was a race against time to see if they could repair their rocketship before the fear-maddened townspeople would destroy them. They hurt no one. They meant no harm. Human fear was the enemy in this story, not the aliens.

Because the aliens of IT CAME FROM OUTER SPACE feared us more than we feared them!

Not all of these visitors from space came of their own choosing—and not all of them came with evil designs.



THE MAN FROM PLANET X threatens the fair sex in 1951 Robert Clarke scientifilm.

kryptic visitor

SUPERMAN came from Krypton when the planet exploded. His father sent him as a baby in a rocketship to Earth where he was raised by the Kent family. SUPERMAN used his tremendous strength, his X-Ray vision & other powers for the good of humanity. We are all waiting with high hopes for the multi-million-dollar spectacle starring Marlon Brando as Jor-El, SUPERMAN's father, and Gene Hackman as Lothar, his arch-enemy.

logical conclusion

In concluding an article on visiting aliens, there is only one film which can possibly be chosen. Because, as Mr. Spock would say, "It's so logical". 2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY, more than 17 years later, used the same underlying theme of the classic we all remember & revere. We will leave it to Klaatu, godlike ambassador from another galaxy, with his robot companion Gort, to speak the message given to all the peoples of the world in THE DAY THE EARTH STOOD STILL (1951). He (Michael Rennie) came from a planet different from ours. From 250 million miles away. Where people use diamonds for money because they're easy to carry and don't wear out. A



IT CAME FROM OUTER SPACE with a face (?) that only a Mother could love. But all it wanted, so author Ray Bradbury assured us, was to get home to Mom & the kids.



The Ruling Brain of the Red Planet spreads his tentacles preperatory to grasping the inhabitants of our Blue World in INVADERS FROM MARS.



The Vegetable Man gets cooked in the climax of TH THING FROM ANOTHER WORLD. Jim Arness giving e electrifying performance.

place where they have salves which can heal a bullet-wound overnight. A world where there are no wars.

". . . The universe grows smaller every day and the threat of aggression by any group—anywhere—can no longer be tolerated. There must be security for all or no one is secure. This does not mean giving up any freedom except the freedom to act irresponsibly. Your ancestors knew this when they made laws to govern themselves and hired policemen to enforce them. We of the other planets have long accepted this principle. We have an organization for the mutual protection of all planets and for the complete elimination of aggression. The test of any such higher authority is, of course, the police force that supports it. For *our* policemen, we created a race of robots. Their function is to patrol the planets, in spaceships like this one, and preserve the peace. In matters of aggression we have given them absolute power over us. This power cannot be revoked. At the first sign of violence they act *automatically* against the aggressor. The penalty for provoking their action is too terrible to risk.

"The result is, we live in peace, without arms or armies, secure in the knowledge that we are free from aggression & war—free to pursue more profitable enterprises.

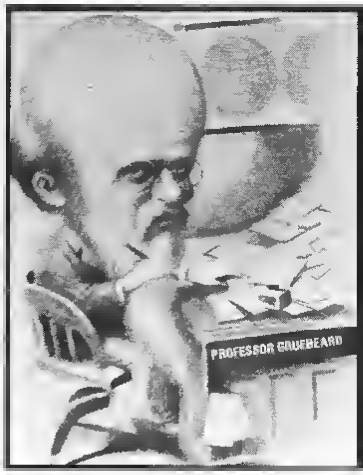
"We do not pretend to have achieved perfection—but we do have a system—and it *works*

"I came here to give you these facts. It is no concern of ours how you run your own planet—but if you threaten to *extend* your violence, this Earth of yours will be reduced to a burned-out cinder.

"Your choice is simple: join us and live in peace or pursue your present course—and face obliteration. We shall be waiting for your answer. The decision rests with *you*."

And perhaps one day, if the starmen come from light-years away, the life or death decision for Earth will be influenced by you & you & you—enlightened readers of FAMOUS MONSTERS!

END



PROFESSOR GRUEBEARD

WORLD'S OLDEST ANSWER MAN WILL DEAL WITH AS MANY QUESTIONS AS HE CAN PER ISSUE, AT NO CHARGE TO FM READERS. JUST DIRECT YOUR INQUIRY TO PROF. GRUEBEARD, FAMOUS MONSTERS, 145 E. 32nd ST., NEW YORK CITY, N.Y. 10016

Well, it had to happen. Our backlog of questions keeps growing and we knew that only one man could answer it . . . old Professor Gruebeard. So, your feerless editor took thet gloomy peth to a stone slab merked GRUEBEARD end knocked . . . end knocked.

After e couple ot hours of knocking, the sleb wes swung open and there was the prehistoric Professor. We told him thet we needed his deep knowledge of the dark world to enswer questions again. The Ancient Sege playfully snerled et us, "You woke me up from my first 200-year nap in centuries for this!" end swung his petritied tree cane et us e few times while we led him to FM's dungeon (keeping e safe helf-mile between us end the Professor). As he muttered things thet sounded like, "Young upstart . . . scoundrel . . . I'll give you the back of my claw . . . ", The crotchety old curmudgeon dipped his pen in blood end proceeded to answer some questions from FM's readers . . .

Q Chuck Butler wants to know who did the animation for the prehistoric world spectacular WHEN DINOSAURS RULED THE EARTH

A **In the words of thet femous know-it-ell, Sherlock whet's-his-name, "Elementery, my deer Chuck." it was the amezing JIM DANFORTH who creeted the spell-binding effects.**



DINO-MITE DINO ANIMATOR DANFORTH

Q Reader David Foreman wants to know who was the Mummy in Hammer Films' CURSE OF THE MUMMY'S TOMB

A **David, under the wreppings & dust of the Incredible living Band-Aid wes ector Dickie Owen.**

Q Mark Bean says he heard that BELA LUGOSI'S voice was used for the Monster in SON OF FRANKENSTEIN True or false?

A **You heerd wrong, Mark. Lugosi's voice was used for the Monster (es played by Lon Cheney Jr.) in the ending of GHOST OF FRANKENSTEIN when the brein of Ygor (the cheracter Bele pleyed in SON) wes trensplanted into the Monster's skull.**

Q A couple PHANTOM OF THE OPERA buffs gave us this double-barrelled question. Tim Sauve wants to know who the actors were who portrayed the Phanton, and Dennis Rogers asks how many versions of the story were made

A **The first (end greatest) Phantom wes, neturelly, the immortal LON CHANEY in 1925. CLAUDE RAINS wes the first Technicolor Phantom in the 1943 remeke, while Herbert Lom donned the Phentom's mesk for Hammer Films in 1961. And just to keep the record es streight es possible, James Cegney recreated Cheney's Phantom in the Biogrephy of Cheney, THE MAN OF A THOUSAND FACES in 1958, end Leslie Nielsen (beck from the FORBIDDEN PLANET) popped up es the Phentom in e NIGHT GALLERY spoot entitled "The Phentom of Whet Opera?"**



VERONICA CARLSON GIVES DRACULA THE COLD SHOULDER

Q Bob Finlay obviously has an eye for the ladies (you little devil) He wants to know who played Maria, the intended bitee of Christopher Lee in DRACULA HAS RISEN FROM THE GRAVE

A **VERONICA CARLSON almost succummed to the thirst of Dracula in the Hammer Film production.**

I'm putting these questions together beceuse, es you can see, they're all connected . . . end as e grouchy senior citizen, I went to seve time . . . heh, heh!

Q Barry Ward & Randy Schuster want to know if the great BORIS KARLOFF ever portrayed that fiend of fiends, Count Dracula, while Scotty Ferris esks if Karloff ever portrayed a vampire

A **For Berry & Rendy, the enswer is no. As for you, Scotty, Kerloff did play e member of the Undead in the chiller BLACK SABBATH directed by Italy's Mario Beve. Kerlotf's vempire wes e Wurdelak, e vempire who only drenk the blood of those he loved the most . . in other werds, the femily thet bites together . . .**

END

the hour of the hairy horde—

THE TRIBE

CAVEMEN lived again in livingrooms across the land last year when Universal brought to TV a universally appealing subject: our prehistoric ancestors.

We are fortunate to be able to give you a "blow-by-blow" behind-the-scenes look at how one of the actors was transformed into one of his ancestors and we are doubly fortunate to be able to accompany the fotos with the first 2 chapters of a Classic Prehistoric Novel by a science fiction author still alive & being published. Your editor was only 11 when THE WONDER STICK first appeared in book form and he met such characters as Grumgra the Growling Wolf & Ru the Sparrow-Hearted. Stanton A. Coblentz' Book has never appeared in paperback form: if you would like to read the remaining 24 chapters in a pocketbook, write your favorite publisher and tell them so.

Now, backward, O backward, Time in thy flight: if you'd be a caveman, be ready for fright!

Part I

Grumgra the Growling Wolf

A HUNDRED thousand years have passed since a certain memorable twilight fo the forest of Unbaddu. Beyond a long ragged ridge of spruce, the sun went down in forlorn crimson precisely like the suns of a later day; across the winding valley, with its shaggy woods and age-battered buttes and cliffs, an enchanted calm had settled as thought time had ended and there were no other days to come. Only the Harr-Sizz or Long-Snake River, foaming in tumultuous serpentine along its deep rocky canyon, persistently broke the silence of the great wilderness; though now and again the call of some belated bird, or howling of hyena, or long-drawn, mournful plaint of some lonely wolf, would sound wefrdly and from far away like a voice from another world.

Yet birds, wolves, and hyenas were not the only inhabitants of those housefess solitudes. Down by the brink of the river, where the waters had widened for a space to a smooth-flowing glossy expanse, a curious creature was threshing its way among the dense reeds and bushes. At the first glance one might have mis-



"His head was large and his forehead was broad and the ferocious aspect of his long hairy face, with the exceptionally prominent jaws and high, tapering cheekbones, made him even more savage-looking than the majority."—Stanton A. Coblentz



What the well-dressed Prehistoric Men wore when hair suits were cheap and everybody had one. From the Universal&TV tale of THE TRIBE.

taken it for some monstrous beast, a cousin of the orang-utan or the gorilla; but a second glimpse would have shown one that it belonged to a more advanced race.

Walking with a pronounced stoop on two massive legs, it reached a height only slightly below that of a modern man. At its side was slung a rabbit-skin pouch filled with pebbles. and in its huge right hand it carried a rough-hewn club the size of a table leg; while its great barrel-like chest, its short pugilistically thick neck, and enormously developed arms gave proof of a strength that few moderns could equal. For clothes it wore only a rudely cut strip of deerskin, which hung loosely from the broad, curving shoulders not quite to the knees; and over all the exposed parts of arms, legs, and breast there spread an unbroken mat of dense black hair.

But most remarkable of all was the creature's face. In features more beastlike than human, the savagery of the jungle seemed to be warring with something that was not quite of the jungle, and in spite of the heavy jowls and apelike jaws there was just a hint of a miracle to come. The head was large and powerful, the forehead broad but low and receding, the eyebrows perched on prominent bony ridges tbat went far toward giving a brutish aspect. The nose was flat, and the nostrils broadly dilated, the ears round, protruding and movable, tbe chin weak and almost non-existent; the mouth was wide and the teetb ground down almost to the jaw, while the cheeks, like the rest of the body, were covered with a wilderness of black hair. And as for the eyes—they were small and black, and yet keen and brilliantly lighted; and they burned and sparkled with alert intelligence as their possessor pushed his way warily through the thicket.

Arriving at the edge of tbe dense brush, he was confronted by a wall of rock that shot precipitously upward for hundreds of feet. Even a mountain-goat might have hesitated before attempting the seemingly impossible ascent; but hairy-limbed one did not so much as pause, though handicapped by the weight of his pouch of pebbles and of his club. With an air of absolute assurance, he turned a few paces to the left, then began to scramble up an almost imperceptible little path that twisted in and about among a jumbled pile of boulders. It was a sort of natural stairway, though frequently there was a gap of five or six feet between steps and the man had to lift himself from rock to rock with much straining and pulling of his huge arms. Sometimes he stood on ledges so narrow that one misstep would have plunged him to destruction; sometimes it was not his feet but a powerful clinging hand that preserved his balance, and one would have expected to see his fingers slip and his huge form reel and stagger into the abyss. Yet all the time he betrayed no fear, and continued on his way with the apparent carelessness of a tight-rope walker.

The last gray of twilight was merging into the blackness of night when at last the climber paused on a little shelf of rock two-thirds of the way to the top. Out of a long irregular fissure in the cliff a dim light was shining, a strange flickering light that might have brought visions of goblins or ghosts. But the climber was neither surprised nor alarmed; and after halting for a moment to give his panting heart time to subside, he uttered a loud, thick-voiced grunt. Instantly, from some unseen recess in the wall, dozens of responsive voices were raised in a hoarse, excited chorus; tben, after a second or two, the fissure began to widen, and by the pale, eerie illumination the watcher could distinguish three or four grinning, apelike faces, and six or eight curving hairy arms that tugged and tugged at a huge, slowly moving boulder.

Meanwhile the shouts continued, louder and louder, growing and growing in volume and ex-

First Step in retrogression: application of the appliance that starts actor on the trail of devolution back in time.

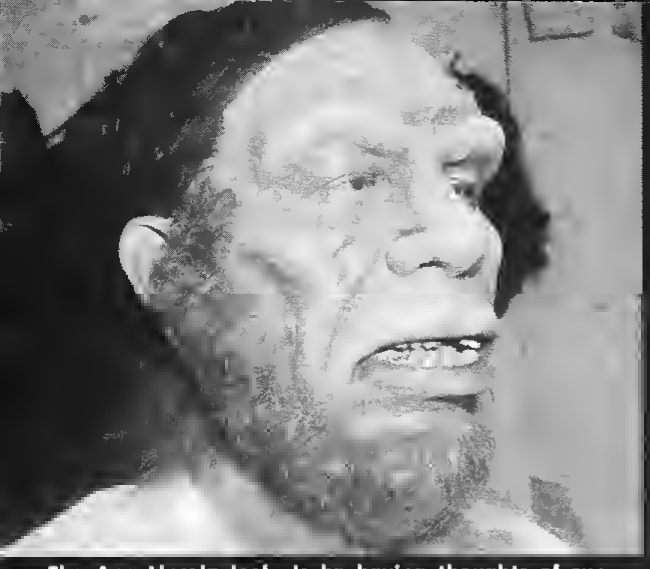
citement, until it seemed that hundreds of wildly agitated voices were clamoring all at once. At the same time, the tumult grew stranger and stranger, with hollow reverberations as of men calling from some subterranean grotto; nor did the uproar diminish before the straining arms had opened a cleft the size of a man's body. Then suddenly, with a swift contortion of his limbs, the new arrival slipped through the aperture; and once again the tugging arms were to be seen, pulling, pulling the boulder back against its fellow rocks.

Soon, on that deserted terrace of the cliff, only the weird, wavering light was visible through an opening as narrow as when the climber had arrived. But, from within, a multitude of voices could be heard, clamoring not quite so tumultously as before, but chattering steadily and excitedly, like enthusiastic children who have no end of things to say.

And just beyond the replaced boulder, in the cavern whence the grinning faces had appeared, a grotesque spectacle was in progress. To the modern eye, it would have looked more like a scene from another planet than of this world—and more striking, perhaps, than the scene itself would have been the stage on which it was erected. Imagine a long, curving,



Clean shaven caveman. Soon hair will be added.



The Ape Lincoln look. Is he having thoughts of running for presidency—or perhaps from a prehistoric beast?

irregular gallery, roofed and paved and walled with smoke-stained rock, in places so low that a man would have to stoop to pass beneath it, in places arching to an ample vault from which slow waters eternally drip and drip; imagine the dusky walls adorned with strange-colored pictures, pictures of animals long extinct, of cave wolves and cave bears, of mammoths and woolly rhinoceroses; imagine curious trophies hung side by side with the paintings, and above them, the skulls and antlers of huge stags, the horns of aurochs, the hides of wild boars and of mountain-sheep, the teeth of bears and the fangs of serpents slung into great hideous chains; while at one end a tall heap of bones, hundreds of which have been split and splintered for the marrow, bears evidence of many a greedy repast. And picture the whole scene illuminated from a single source, a great blazing pile of logs near the the mouth of the cavern, so that for a few yards the cave stands forth clearly revealed, while for its greater length it is obscured in a vague smoky twilight that gradually gives place to the blackness of utter night.

Within the cave, all was tumult and confusion. Every shadow seemed to be populated and out of every dark recess crawled some hairy form, with excited voice raised to greet the new arrival. That he was one of them would have been apparent at a glance; they too were mantled in furs and skins, whether of the deer, the wild horse, or the bison; they too were stooping and brawny and covered with hair, with the same retreating forehead, the same thick neck and powerful jaws, the same bony eye-ridges and glittering black eyes.

As the newcomer entered, half a dozen long stout arms were flung about his neck and shoulders, and half a dozen sinewy hands seized him in a fierce grip of friendship. Then so closely did the swarm press about him, so furiously did they squeeze and struggle to be near, that one might have expected him to be crushed or suffocated.

"Welcome back!" they chorused, in a tongue crude as that of a mid-African savage. "Welcome back, Mumlo the Trail-Finder!"

And in the confusion of voices that ensued, one might have distinguished little more than a series of guttural clucks and grunts—"Gru ghra, gru ghra, gru ghra!" —like the murmurings of a bewildered mob.

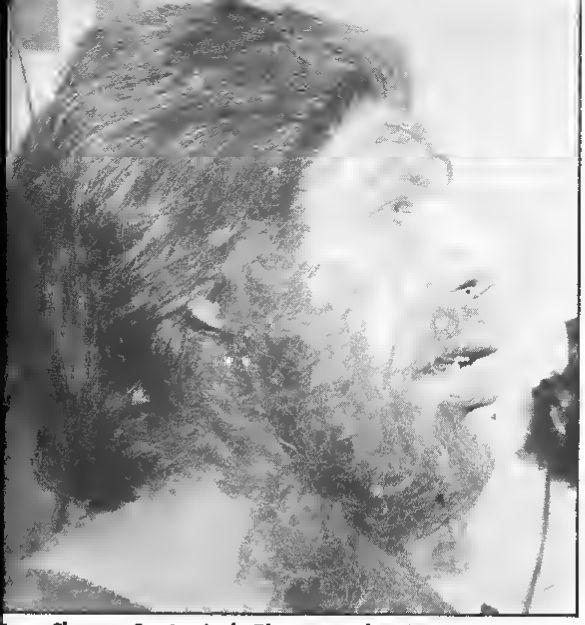
Yet that throaty tumult was in reality a pandemonium of joy. "Welcome! Welcome! Welcome!" rang out the voices—which is as near as the primitive words can be given a modern equivalent. And mingled with the greetings, there came a storm of questions: "Where have you been so long? What have you done? What have you seen? Why are you alone? Where is Grop the Tree-Climber? and Wamwa the Snake-Eyed?"

So insistent were these inquiries, and so determined was each questioner to be answered, that the newcomer could only turn in bewilderment from one to another, mumbling a monosyllable here and a monosyllable there, but apparently saying nothing to satisfy anyone, since for some time the confused jabbering continued unabated.

Then with lightning suddenness the tumult ceased. One of the mob uttered a single frightened monosyllable—and all tongues stopped short in mid-sentence. A look half of awe, half of actual fear, came across the grimicing faces; the sharp glittering eyes were all fastened upon the farther recesses of the cave, from whose midnight fastnesses a huge shambling form was emerging into the nearer twilight.

"Grumgra the Growling Wolf!" muttered one or two under their breath; and all drew back as if by instinct as the newcomer sullenly approached.

His great form, in the wavering shadows, seemed truly monstrous and redoubtable, perhaps more monstrous than the clear radiance of day would have shown it to be. As compared with his fellows, he was of enormous build—not less than six feet in height, with gorilla-like chest, thick-set sinewy limbs, and the solid stocky aspect of one whose excess weight runs to muscles. His head was large, even in proportion to his immense frame, and his broad forehead was not quite so low as those of his kinsmen, although the glowering, ferocious aspect of his long hairy face, with



From Chaney Sr. to Jack Pierce to the Westmores to Verne Longdon to Universal's current artists, there's been a million dollars' worth of make-up talent working at that Studio!

the exceptionslly prominent jaws and high, tspering cheek-bones, msde him even more ssvsge-looking than the majority. Armed with an oaken club almost as tall as himself, clad in the hide of s black wolf and adorned with s crown of wolf's teeth, he wss truly a figure to strike terror to the hearts of the timid.

Msjestically he stalked toward the firelight, while st his coming his tribesmen retreated as far as the walls would permit. Within a dozen paces of the flames, he psused; then, lifting his club ceremoniously above his head, he uttered s single deep-voiced sound, more like the bellowing of a bull than the speech of a man. And, st this command, the cowering mob began hesitatingly to approach him, though all were careful to keep beyond the range of the club. But one of their number—he who had thst evening scsled the cliff and been received tumultuously—msde bold to step almost within arm's length of the scowling one, and, withwaiting to be bidden, launched into speech.

"O Grumgra, great chief," he said, I have done as you hsve ordered. I have been many days' travel toward the land of the noonday sun, and have seen wonderful things and met with queer adventures. And I have entered a strange bright country, fairer than this country, a strange and glorious place for our tribe to live. But evil spirits dwell there and hsve done wicked things to my companions, for Wamwa the Snake-Eyed wss csught by the deep waters, snd Grop the Tree-Climber wss caught by a wild besst—and none of us shall ever see them sgsin!"

At these words s low mosn issued from a far corner of the cavern. But, disregarding the interruption, Grumgrs burst out sonorously, in tones more thundrous than those of his fellows: "Let us thsnk the gods of the wood thst brought Mumlo bsck, although he bears us sad news. But what does the fste of a few men mstter? Mumlo has ssved us from the bsd spirits that try to destroy us. For s longer time thsn any man csn remember, our fsthers have lived in this cave; but now, my people, the dsy comes when we must lesve. You know how the winters have been growing longer snd colder; how the sharp winds blow, and the snow piles thick for msny moons, while the grest sheets of ice, in the direction of the storm-wind, creep nearer snd nearer every year. And our gsme gets scarcer and scarcer, for the mammoth is huge snd terrihle snd hard to hunt, and the reindeer is wary and fleet, and the woolly rhinoceros snd the wolves and hesrs sre ferocious snd kill msny of our people. Yet there are stories in our tribe of a time when great warmth-loving beasts bathed in our rivers, and when mammoths without hair roamed in the woods. If we sre wise, we msy follow these crestures to warmer lands. And thst, as you know, is why we have sent Mumlo the Trail-Finder to learn what sort of country lies under the noonday sun."

"Let Mumlo tell us what he has seen!" came the voice of one of the men. "Let Mumlo tell us—"

But instantly the rash one regretted his words. An angry flash came into the black eyes of the chieftain; with a resounding thud, his great club smsshed against the projecting spur of the cavern wall.



That's one thing a Prehistoric Man never did: pose for a Portrait!

And while the splinters flew in a hundred directions, Grumgra bellowed, "Mumlo will speak only when I bid him to!" And perversely he added, "I do not bid him to speak now!"

For a second be paused, as if uncertain of his own intention; then followed with the growling admonition: "Let him now be fed and given sleep and rest after his long journey! And let none question him more! Tomorrow, when the sun ia awake again, we shall all gather bere and listen to his story—and then I shall tell you whether we shall leave the cave or stay!"

And, having issued his ultimatum, he made a sedate about-face; and, swinging his club commandingly, sloucbed away into the shadows.

Part II

Ru the Sparrow-Hearted

THE first gray of dawn bad barely begun to widen above the eastern ridges when the people of Umhaddu were once more astir. Great brawny hands applied themselves again to the boulder at the cavern entrance; and, through an aperture barely large enough to admit a man, the inhabitants emerged one by one, each armed with a cluh, yet each making his way with apparent ease down the perilous slopes to the river. Reaching the bank, tbey flung themselves down at full length and sucked in long draughts after the manner of thirsting beasts; following this they fumhled about among the brush for roots and berries, and at length, having satisfied their appetites, pulled themselves once more up the precipitous stairway of the cliff.

Meanwhile, within the cavern, all was activity and life. Several of the younger men were strenuously hauling in great dead logs through a rear entrance, which gave directly upon the forest; several balf-grown lads were disposing of the refuse of yesterday's meals by the simple process of casting it outside the cave door; and scores of the women—who were clad precisely like the men, and were most easily distinguishable by their smaller stature and relatively hairless faces—were absorbed in what might be termed the household pursuits of the time. A few sat sprawled about nursing bairy infants in full view of all the tribe; a few were undertaking the vigorous chastisement of unclad urchins of five or six, who seemed too energetic in flinging flint chips about the cavern; one or two were casting fagots upon the great roaring the great roaring fire, which had to be kept alive both night and day; while a majority were engaged in culinary duties. One, holding the flayed body of a rabbit above the flames on a long sharpened stick, was cooking according to the conventional method; another, busily grinding up nuts between two flat unpolished pieces of stone, was preparing a sort of gruel whicb, when seasoned with crushed grasshoppers and grubs, was regarded as delicious; still others, equipped with rude mallets, cleavers, scrapers, and knives of flint, were ripping off the skins of slaughtered deer, or pounding various edible herbs into a pulp, or smashing and softening a certain small beanlike seed until it came within the range of a hardy digestion.

For more than an hour these activities continued without interruption save for the snorts and snarls which marked the not infrequent disagreements between tribesmen. Then suddenly, as on the preceding evening, a portentous hush, almost paralysis, came over the people; and out of some hidden recess stalked the great glowering figure of Grumgra, his club swinging menancingly, his shrewd little eyes glittering and sparkling like an evil threat.

"Let all our people come here!" he roared, in tones that rang and echoed angrily in those narrow corridors. "Let them stop whatever they are doing, and come! Go, call those that are outside! And if anyone wants to stay away, let him do so—if he dares!"

Here Grumgra twirled the club above his head as if to acquire practice in swinging it; and his people, needing no second warning, hastily ahandoned their various tasks, and scurried in all directions in loud-voiced haste. It was not fifteen minutes before the stragglers had all been called back from the river bank and the entire trihe had gathered in a semi-circle about the fire.

A weird assemblage they made, those two hundred men, women, and children, with their heavy-featured, bestial faces, their sinewy, hide-mantled bodies, and alert, staring hlack eyes; while the firelight cast fantastic wavering shadows about them, and in their midst, domin-

ating them as a cock dominates a flock of hens, a great apelike figure stood with battered club uplifted in command.

With the abruptness of a thunderclap, the deep bellowing voice burst forth: "Listen with careful ears to what I say, my people! Many days ago—more days than the fingers on the hands of three men—I sent Mumlo the Trail-Finder to the country of the noonday sun. I told him, and also Grop the Tree-Climber and Wamwa the Snake-Eyed, to look for a better cave for our tribe. Now he has come back, and we will hear what he has to tell us."

While the voice of the chieftain still roared and echoed through the cave, several stout hands seized the unwilling Mumlo and thrust him toward the firelight.

Standing in front of all his tribesmen, his face illuminated fitfully by the flames, while two hunderd pairs of eyes regarded him solemnly, he had no choice but to obey Grumgra's command, "Speak, Mumlo! Speak!"

"What would you have me speak of?" he pleaded, gazing with fascinated interest at tbe chieftan's club. "There is too much to tell! Wamwa and Grop and I traveled for days and days through dark forest, and along green river canyons and over rocky hills. Sometimes we came out upon wide meadows, and sometimes the land was covered with brush and stones and was very hard to pass. But we kept on and on, and lived mostly on roots and berries and the bark of trees, though now and then we feasted on some small creature we slew with stones or clubs. At night we lit a fire without flints to keep the wolves away, and in the day we watched and watched for wild things, since great and terrible animals filled the forest, and often we bad to climb the trees in a great hurry. And it was a huge animal that took Grop away from us, for once we came upon a herd of buffaloes in an open field, and before we could get back to the woods a mad bull had rushed upon him, and—"

Horrified exclamations interrupted the speaker; but Grumgra, apparently unaffected, brought his club down warningly upon the floor.

"We are not here to learn what happened to Grop!" he grumbled, with a foreboding scowl. "We are here to learn about the country you found. Tell us that, and nothing more!"

"The country that we found," resumed the Trail-Finder, taking care to put a few additional inches between himself and Grumgra's club, "was all over-grown with grass and deep forests. It was much warmer than our own land, and even on the tops of the mountains there was no snow. But deer and bison and wild



Hours later, his transformation complete, actor is ready to go before the camera and join THE TRIBE.

boars and horses and cattle browsed there in large herds; and there were many berries and fruits and nut-bearing trees. And up among the cliffs above the great river I thought I saw the entrance to a cave like ours. In crossing this river, Wamwa slipped and was taken by the bad spirits—"

Again the great club was lifted in a silent threat; and the angry eyes of Grumgra warned the speaker to keep to his story.

"It would be a very good land for us to live in, O great chief," Mumlo hastened to add. "When the cold days came, we would not find it so hard to kill game enough to keep us strong. We would not have to shiver all the long winter moons, not baving fires or furs to



Hunter in the marsh in the Bad Old Days when life wasn't a bag of marshmallows.

make us warm. Our babes would not die, and our women would not moan and cry for meat we could not give them; but it would be summer always, and there would always be warmth and plenty for us all."

And into the eyes of Mumlo for an instant came a contemplative glow, a half-dreamy light that seemed to belie the heavy jowls and brutish features, and to foretell the visionary who—a hundred thousand years later—would still be conjuring up Utopia.

But almost instantly that light died out; the thick lips were curled into a snarl, and a hoarse growl rumbled from the speaker's throat. Across from him, in the further rim of the firelight, a bull-like shaggy form had sprung up with menacing fists upraised, and there came the muttered challenge: "You lie! You lie! There can be no such land!"

"Quiet, Woonoo!" yelled the chieftan, with an oath. And the club swung in such deadly earnest that only the extreme agility of Woonoo saved him from being mangled. As it was, the crash with which the club struck the cavern floor served as a warning to the overdaring; and the attempted chastisement was followed by an appalled silence, broken only by the murmurs of the more audacious: "Just what Woonoo deserved! Woonoo the Hot-Blooded always is getting into trouble!"

Meanwhile the offender had slunk away into the shadows to the rear, and, having once tempted destiny, was apparently resolved to take no further chance.

"Tell us more, Mumlo," encouraged Grumgra, in milder tones than before. "Tell us more. You think—you think we should all go to the land of the noonday sun?"

"O great chief, I think we should all go," pleaded the Trail-Finder. "We hear nothing now but the cries of the hungry, and the groans of those whom the demons of sickness bave taken. You know how our people are growing fewer and fewer each year. Our old men can tell of a time when we were many as the days from one spring season till the next; but for every two that walked in our cave then, there is only one that walks in it now. And you know, O chief, where the rest are—how many are sleeping with their women and babes in the burial grotto at the cavern's end—and how many have left their bones to the cave bear and the hyena. You know, O chief, so why should I try to tell you? A few more ice-cold winters, and the wolves will be crunching the ribs of the last of our tribe!"

The speaker stopped short and a horrified silence—broken only by the crackling logs in the great fire—settled over the entire assemblage.

It was Grumgra's voice that next made itself heard. "Mumlo speaks well," the leader acknowledged, leaning meditatively upon his club, as though he had forgotten its aggressive purposes. "Mumlo speaks well—it is true that we are getting fewer and fewer, for the great frosts are more than our people can stand, and when the winter comes the wild beasts seize us, or else some evil spirit creeps near, and we sicken and die. We do not wish to leave this cave, where our fathers and their fathers and their fathers before them have lived—but is it not better to go from our home than to perish?"

Having reached a bellowing climax, Grumgra paused as if to allow his words time to penetrate. There followed a frightened silence, broken now by a whispered exclamation of dread, now by a muttered oath of horror; and this awed speechlessness continued even after Grumgra had shouted his last words, "What do you say, my people? Tell me, what do you say?"

For a moment no one said anything at all. And, after a few second's silence, Grumgra lifted his club in a fresh gesture of command.

But at this point, interruption came from an unexpected quarter. Out of the shadows to the rear a slender form drew forward; and one of tbe younger tribesmen—scarcely more than a boy, he seemed—raised his voice in a manner that compelled attention.

"Let me speak, O chief," he cried, in deep tones almost musical beside those of his fellows "Let me speak a very little!"

A scowl came over the dark face of the leader. His right arm drew back as if to wield the club and crush the intruder.



A Rabbit Fan asks for autograph of Caveman. "Come back in about a million years," he says, "when I've learned to write." She replies: "That's what Furry Ackerman told me and he's been around a couple of million years and *still* hasn't learned to write!"

"What? You speak, Ru?" he roared, derisively. "You, Ru the Sparrow-Hearted?" And into the jet-like eyes came a hard light as of disdain tinged with anger and hatred.

"Yes, O chief, I ask to speak," affirmed Ru, coming forward with a boldness that seemed to belie his name. And placing himself directly before the chieftan, well within range of the club, he stood like a deliberate challenge between Grumgra and the people.

A greater contrast than the two men presented could hardly have been imagined—at least, not in those primeval days. Physically Ru was slight as his opponent was gigantic; he stood scarcely over five feet in height; and his frame, while well knit and evidently equipped with strong and flexible muscles, had none of Grumgra's gorilla-like amplitude, but was slender as a sapling and had apparently been designed for grace rather than for power. At a single stroke, Grumgra might have crushed and mangled him like a fly—yet the difference between the two men was not wholly physical. For there was something about Ru's face which seemed to atone for that which his body lacked. Like Grumgra, he had the characteristic eyebrow ridge, tapering cheek-bones and massive jaws of his tribe; but, unlike Grumgra, he seemed to possess some indefinable quality that tempered his inherent brutishness. His forehead did not recede like those of his tribesmen, but was straight and high as that of a modern; his face was long and sagacious-looking, and his head unusually capacious; while his eyes—queer anomaly among that dark-pigmented race!—were not black like those of all the other Umbaddu, but gleamed shrewdly with a steel-gray glint!

And with a courage unique among the Um-



This might have been Grumgra the Growling Wolf.

baddu, those gray eyes firmly met the black ones of the chieftain. Perhaps it was the very audaciousness of their gaze that restrained Grumgra, for his club, though half uplifted, did not descend upon the daring one; but in tones of irritation and contempt he muttered: "Then tell us, Ru! Tell us what you have to say! But tell us very quickly!"

And while Ru turned to address the multitude, derisive hisses sounded from dozens of voices; and in tones half of laughter, half of mockery, some of the more garrulous murmured: "Ru is going to speak! The Sparrow-Hearted is going to speak! Listen to the Sparrow-Hearted give advice!"

But above the cackling of the audience rose the clear voice of Ru:

"It is true, my people, that we must leave this cave, where our tribe has lived since the beginning of things. But it is not true that we must leave without knowing where we are going. Mumlo the Trail-Finder has been to a land which he says is fairer than this—but that does not show us that our whole tribe can follow. Two of our companions have already been lost, and many more may go the same way unless we are careful. For we are not very strong after all, my people. Remember the huge mammoths and the bears that roam the land; the storms that beat about us with cruel clubs; the torrents that race down upon us and bear us away; the great cold of winter, and the famine that is worse than the cold. If we are to live at all, we must be wiser than our foes. We must—"

At this point a low undercurrent of hissing, gradually becoming louder, compelled the speaker to pause. And a score of hostile, curling lips snarled the question: "What are we to do? Tell us, Ru, what are we to do? Shall we stay here and starve?"

Simultaneously, a half-suppressed, contemptuous laughter broke from some unseen spectator. And it was with difficulty that Ru could lift his voice above that of the gibbering, chuckling mob, and continue:

"It may be that Mumlo has not seen all the land he has visited, or that he would not know how to find his way back there again. Or it may be that there is some other land much fairer—some land where we could all grow strong and happy. And why should we not do everything we can to find out?"

Then, turning to Grumgra, who loomed before him with a hostile frown, Ru pleaded: "Let us not act like foolish children, O chief. Send out some other men—as many as the fingers of one of my hands. Let them look at the country Mumlo saw, or try to find some better place. I myself will go gladly, if only you will say yes."

"No!" thundered the chieftain. "I say no!" And the great club came down with an echoing thud, and sent the dust of the cave floor flying.

Hastily Ru withdrew, lest a second blow wreak greater havoc. And as he pressed back into the shadows, derisive murmurs filled the air; and many a pair of black eyes, glistening in malice and scorn, followed him with proud, superior gaze.

"The Sparrow-Hearted has had his say!" came the amused roar of Grumgra. "Now let me have my say. We will not let the bad spirits take any more lives on foolish journeys. And we will not waste any more time—the gods of the spring season have been here a whole moon already. After the sun has come up and gone down and then up once more, we will all set forth into the land of the noonday sun. What do you say, my people?"

Since there was none that dared to say a word, but all merely gaped and gaped in stupid bewilderment, the most momentous question in the history of the Umbaddu had apparently been decided.

END

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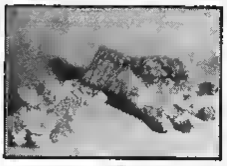
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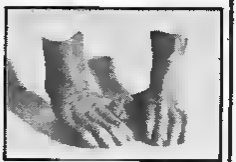
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FIFTY-W



Climax of THE HYPNOTIC EYE as Allison is about to reveal her horrifying secret.

FOOT OMAN DIES

allison hayes laid to rest

SHE WAS BORN the year LON CHANEY Sr. died: 1930.

SHE HAS DIED at about the same time as HENRY HULL: 27 February 1977.

Allison Hayes was only 47.

Her real name was Mary Anne Hayes and after being screen tested she almost immediateiy appeared with Jack Palance in THE SIGN OF THE PAGAN (1954).

The following year she was in THE PURPLE MASK, DOUBLE JEOPARDY and 2 other films.

1957 was her Big Year for fantaay films:

Pow! Pow! Pow! one right after the other they came:

THE UNEARTHLY
THE DISEMBODIED
THE UNDEAD
ZOMBIES OF MORA TAU



seen with carradine

In THE UNEARTHLY she was cast with veteran horror star John Carradine in a hair-raising story of Beauty & Beasts; a mad medical scientist seeking to perfect the 17th gland which, when transplanted into human beings, would give youth eternal & life everlasting; an



Makeup of scarred women like this one was effected by Emile Le Vigne & Tony Lloyd.

imbecilic Neanderthal giant; a cadaverous zombie; and Lobo—the late Tor Johnson—the feeble-minded man-mountain with the strength of Hercules.

Science amok, creating human monsters . . . a ghoul from the grave, intent on destroying his killer . . . a beautiful girl, aged to a century-old hag in one horrifying instant . . . a household of horrors created by an insane surgeon's scalpel . . . all these Allison Hayes faced in THE UNEARTHLY but survived to become a Voodoo Queen in—

the disembodied

As Tonda she portrayed a fiendisb sorceress of the jungle engaged in deadly rites of human sacrifice, required at one point in the picture to plunge a knife into the heart of a doll as a voodoo victim lay frozen in terror atop an altar.

After calming her jungled nerves, Allison turned to—

the undead

In this Roger Corman production sbe portrayed one of Satan's disciples, a woman pledged to the Devil who used her supernatural powers for evil purposes. She delved into the mysterious secrets of life beyond the veil and met a man who controlled Time itself and clashed with Lucifer.

And from the UNDEAD she moved on to—

the living dead

THE ZOMBIES OF MORA TAU!

Trapped by dead men returned from watery graves off tbe coast of Africa, Allison berself became a zombie in this terror tale whose cast included the late Ray "Crasb" Corrigan.

3 years later—

hypno-magic

Macabre mesmerism.

Evil power.

The "floating death" of levitation.

Tortured victims of the "screaming sleep".

Women turned into helpless robots.

All this took place in THE HYPNOTIC EYE.

And the late Allison Hayes was an integral part of it.

finally: 5882 feet

Yes, a little over a mile long was the length of film it took to tell the tale of the ATTACK OF THE 50 FT. WOMAN, the motion picture which most often brings to mind Allison Hayes.

As Nancy Archer she portrayed a woman released from a mental sanitarium, disturbed because her husband was carrying on with another woman (and what a woman: cult figure Yvette Vickers playing Honey Parker). As Nancy raced her car thru the California night an enormous artificial satellite suddenly appeared in the sky above her and landed in the desert.

A giant translucent alien emerged from the globular spaceship and tried to capture her but Nancy escaped.

She told her fantastic story to Sheriff Dubbitt and Dr. Cushing, her psychiatrist, as well as her husband, but of course all dismissed the incredible tale as a wild hallucination. Harry Archer, her husband, wanted to use her "crazy" story as proof tbat she belonged back in the asylum—so he could get her money and carry on with Honey.

monster's comeback

Nancy persuades her errant husband to return to the scene of the mysterious encounter with her—and the gigantic humanoid reappears!



Living it up--with the Dead. Allison as one of the ZOMBIES OF MORA TAU. (Columbia 1956.)

Archer escapes but Nancy is captured by the being from space.

When next seen, Nancy is discovered on the roof of the pool house of her palatial home. She is seen—but who can believe the sight? For an insidious radiation from outer space has transformed her into a giantess!

An amazing 50 foot woman!

An incredible colossus half a hundred feet tall!

Dr. Cushing & his associate Dr. Von Loeb are forced to chain Nancy in order to restrain her. The monstrous Mrs. Archer keeps calling for her husband.

50 feet of fury

Meanwhile, Archer & Honey, full of guile, plot Nancy's death.

At the same time, the sheriff & his aides, investigating Nancy's story, discover it to be true. They find out the hard way: they run into the giant spaceman in the desert and he attacks them!

Nancy, seeming to sense the nefarious plan of her husband & his girlfriend, does a Kong and breaks loose from her chains. As she escapes from the house she smashes it to smithereens, then heads for the tavern where Harry & Honey are rendezvousing.

Infuriated, giantess Nancy bashes the tavern to bits, killing the hussy Honey in the process.

Harry runs for his life down the highway.

But in a few strides Nancy catches up with him.

She reaches down from her Olympian height and grabs her terrified husband as one would a rat.

He squeals like the rat he is.

She encloses him in the palm of her hand and squeezes—hard.

There is a crunching of bones.

The squealing stops abruptly.

Harry is dead.

A moment later Nancy too is dead — mercifully put out of her misery by the sheriff.

farewell, allison

And so we bid goodby to Ms. Hayes.

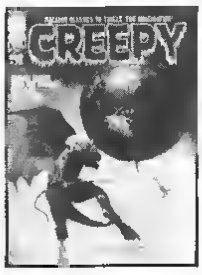
She was comparatively young, beautiful when last seen (let us remember her that way) —and she bad brains.

She had been a talented pianist as a young woman and had a degree in law.

One more Horror Heroine taken to the domain of Prince Sirki.

END

EYE OPENING! FANTASTIC POSTERS!
IT'S A POSTER EXTRAVAGANZA!



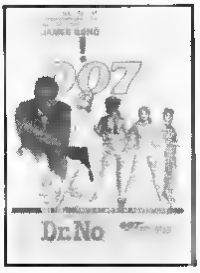
CREEPY #75 Full Color
28"x20" #2975/$2.00



FROM RUSSIA WITH LOVE
2 Color 40"x27" #2957/$4.00



GOLDFINGER Full Color
40"x27" #2958/$5.00



DR. NO Full Color
40"x27" #2955/$5.00



BELA LUGOSI B&W 74'x
26-1/2" #2979/$4.00



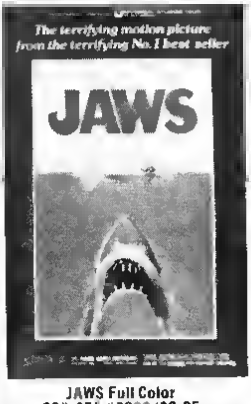
PRINCE VALIANT Full Color
28"x19" #2973/$3.00



GIANT 6 FT. KING KONG Black
and White 6'x4-1/3' #2966/$4.95



FRANKENSTEIN Full Color
38"x26" #2974/$1.98



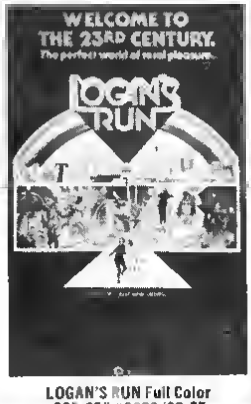
JAWS Full Color
23"x35" #2978/$2.25



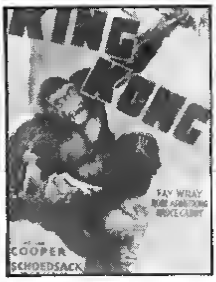
TOWERING INFERNO — Full Color
23"x35" #2986/$2.25



HINDENBURG Full Color
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LOGAN'S RUN Full Color
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KING KONG Full Color
29"x20" #2926/$2.00



DRACULA Full Color
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FRANKENSTEIN Full Color
29"x21" #2927/$2.00

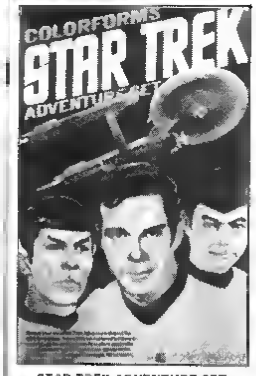


MIDNIGHT BATTLE By Corben
Full Color 14"x11" #2969/$1.50



ANTICIPATION By Corben
Full Color 14"x11" #2970/$1.50

To order any of these items, please see last page of this magazine for convenient RUSH ORDER FORM.



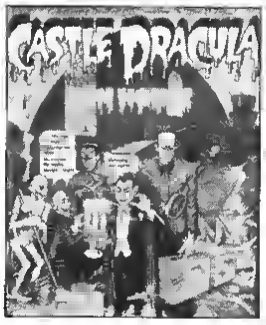
STAR TREK ADVENTURE SET
12"x8"/#24178/$1.95

HORRORSCENE IN COLORFORM

BEAM ABOARD THE BRIDGE OF THE USS ENTERPRISE. VISIT NEW YORK & SKULL ISLAND WITH KING KONG, VISIT DRACULA'S HOUSE FROM LAB TO BASEMENT! YOU PLACE THE PLASTIC CHARACTERS UPON THE FULL COLOR BACKGROUND! SET UP YOUR OWN SCENE! CREATE YOUR OWN TALES! NOTHING TO CUT OR GLUE!



KING KONG PANORAMA PLAY SET
16"x13"/#24176/$3.95



CASTLE DRACULA FUN HOUSE
16"x13"/#24177/$3.95

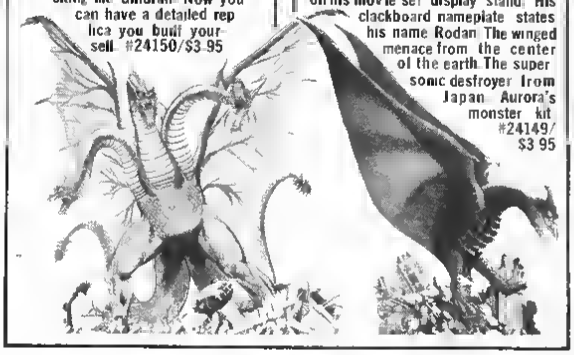
TWO NEW MONSTER MOVIE KITS!

RODAN & GHIDRAH

8-1/2 INCHES TALL! MOVING HEADS AND TAILS!

GHIDRAH, the triple threat monster from outer space. A fire-breathing, wing-flapping scaled horror. His three flame-throwing heads make him thrice as dangerous! Now build your own three-headed horror with this Aurora hobby kit. The olive colored heavy duty plastic pieces snap together to form a fierce, ferocious 8 1/2 inch tall monster. Intricately detailed and ready for action. Swiveling heads and tails create lifelike movement. Paint him. Fly him around your room. Or settle him on his movie set display stand with clackboard nameplate. A complete film history of the monster is included when you buy this exciting kit. Ghidrah. Now you can have a detailed replica you build yourself. #24150/$3.95

RODAN, one hundred tons of radioactive terror. Released from the bowels of the earth by an atomic blast he flaps over the earth at twice the speed of sound. Science calls him a giant prehistoric monster. A pterodactyl with a wing span of 500 feet. But could a pterodactyl raze cities with supersonic shock blasts? Earth's armies trace the menace to its breeding ground and destroy it. But now you can have an 8 1/2" replica of this winged marauder. And build it yourself. Just snap together the rust colored, highly detailed pieces of heavy duty molded plastic. Follow the instructions. And soon, Rodan crouches before you on his movie set display stand. His clackboard nameplate states his name: Rodan. The winged menace from the center of the earth. The supersonic destroyer from Japan. Aurora's monster kit. #24149/$3.95



FULL COLOR ARTBOOKS FEATURING FRAZETTA!

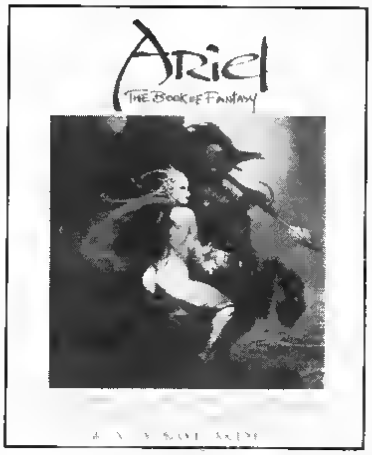
Savage warriors with veins bulging from muscular arms! Voluptuous maidens manacled by fantastic alien monsters! - Bizarre Martian landscapes! Prehistoric jungles! Those are many of the subjects crafted with the genius that makes the amazing Frank Frazette a unique artist. In these softcover books are several of Frazette's finest artwork!



THE FANTASTIC ART OF FRANK FRAZETTA Contains over 30 full color paintings covering most of his Conan book cover series and covers for Warren Publishing magazines. Each painting is printed on high quality paper, without any type and unbacked by other art. Sketches also! 9" x 11" #21201/$6.95



FRANK FRAZETTA BOOK TWO Continues the astonishing portfolio with more than 30 full color paintings illustrating the stories of Edgar Rice Burroughs and others. Each painting is printed on high quality paper, without type and unbacked by other art. Sketches also! 9" x 11" #21251/$7.95



ARIEL! THE BOOK OF FANTASY. A beautiful volume of fantasy art and tales which reproduces several of Frazetta's paintings accompanied by a fascinating interview of the artist with photos. Besides Frazetta, full color art by Rich Corben, stories by Ellison, Bradbury. 12" x 9" #21255/$6.95

CONTEST

CONGORTULATIONS

WE TESTED their metal and now they "steel" the limelight. Six deserving FM fans who entered our "Young monsters, Arise!" Fabulous Contest in issue 134.

In alphabetical order, our winners from #10 to 15 are:

CLAY CARLSON
MICHAEL HAYES
MIKE MATTHEWS
EUGENE RHODES
PAUL STICKNEY
GARY VANDERBEEK

Each of the foregoing boys has received 2 rare issues of FM between nos. 1 & 30, courtesy of the contest's sponsor, generous fan Richard Milakovic Jr.

We are publishing Gary VanDerBeek's letter complete because it was the most humorous received, the entry that most captured the light hearted side of FM; and we are publishing Clay Carlson's letter in its entirety.

Here are some excerpts from the letters of the other winners whom we honor this issue:

WINNER EUGENE RHODES (15)





WINNER PAUL STICKNEY (12)

"When I was a freshman my grades in English started to drop very fast. FAMOUS MONSTERS OF FILMLAND came to the rescue. Through the vocabulary and usage of grammar I have improved a great deal and am passing with flying colors.

"In my entire life I have never done the following: drunk liquor, smoked, tried drugs. FM has helped me keep up this status quo."—Eugene Rhodes.

"All of the issues are so informative that they ought to be used in schools. I find things in them no other book or magazines have."—Mike Matthews.

"FM is more than a hobby to me, it is what I enjoy when I get a little down. I pick up a copy and skim through it until I feel better. Some day FM will be sold in every country in the world because it's the best magazine in the world. When I have a report to do at school, I usually do it on horror films. I use information from FM to write it."—Michael Hayes.

"FM has made me a more interesting person. Since I started to read it I have had better marks in English, it has improved my vocabulary 100% and I have more friends because I have an interesting subject to talk about. If you gave me a motorcycle mag and an FM and told me I could only keep one, FM would win hands down."—Paul Stickney.

Now Gary VanDerBeek's entry:

"I've been getting FM since my tenth birthday last year. My MUMMY gave me a year subscription for a birthday present. It was a perfect gift because my birthday is on Halloween. It was the most FANGTASTIC present I ever got! Every month I look forward to my next issue. When I take it to school all my classmates crowd

WINNER GARY VANDERBEEK (10)



WINNERS

CONGORTULATIONS



WINNER MICHAEL NAYES (15)

around my desk. The girls think FM is a real SCREAM!

"I want to be a writer. I have written many stories. My favorite ones are about dinosaurs. Your articles give me ideas for new stories to write. Maybe someday I will get some of them published. I love reading your articles on monster movies I've already seen but I especially enjoy the ones about movies I haven't seen yet. Your TERRORIFIC stories make me look forward to seeing them. I do a lot of drawing too with my stories. Your pictures in FM are TOMB much! Sometimes I copy them and color them in. I would DREAD losing my FAMOUS MONSTERS magazine!

"FM is the BEAST monster magazine ever published! WITCH reminds me, if I could chose two back issues I would like #114, All of Japan's Mon-Monsters, and #108, King Kong.

"I have a MONSTROUS love for FM. I've been a real FANG of yours and if GODZILL allow I will be your fan for a MIGHTY KONG time! Yours GHOULLY."

Clay Carlson's entry:

"You don't know what FAMOUS MONSTERS has meant to me! I must say that FAMOUS MONSTERS has done a lot for me; it led me to read other great books and literature. It has increased my vocabulary.

"Many people find a form of escape by taking drugs. FAMOUS MONSTERS is a form of escape and so are horror movies. It has been pointed out many times in FAMOUS MONSTERS you can go to see a good horror film and become so involved in it that soon your troubles seem to leave you. When I get troubled I can always go and pull out an issue of FAMOUS MONSTERS and it relieves my tension.

"Many of the people who criticize FAMOUS MONSTERS are the very same people that like to watch the real horror

WINNER CLAY CARLSON (11)





WINNER MIKE MATTNEWS (13)

films on the news and on TV. They also rush to fires, accidents, etc., just to see the real blood and gore.

"FAMOUS MONSTERS influenced me and made me look forward to when I make my own movies and act in them. It has also made my mind much more creative and it gives me something do rather than slouching in front of the TV and watching old TV reruns of old TV shows. Without FAMOUS MONSTERS I feel this world would be sligbtly boring.

"I know this letter is much shorter than most you will receive but I think the way I feel about FM is really hard to put to words."

Next Issue, More Winners—one of whom is a young girl. There are 2 winners from Ohio and 2 representing the state of New Jersey and we have another black boy who's a winner.

The 3 Top Prize Winners will be applauded in our 20th Anniversary Issue.

END

MONSTERIFIC LP RECORD ALBUMS!



BORIS KARLOFF! In the greatest evil comedy of all time: Arsenic & Old Lace. Bela Lugosi shines darkly in The Dr. Prescribes Death, a fiendish melodrama, too! A super-bargain MUST for collectors of horror and horrific humor. A hilarious and terrifying duo. **ARSENIC AND OLD LACE #2335/$6.95**

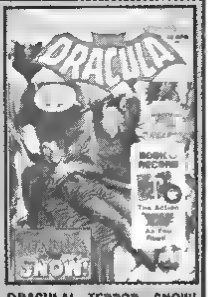


Zany dialogue and macabre music — make this album a must for everyone — young and old! A classic monster spoof! This is the original cast recording from Mel Brooks' "Young Frankenstein!" Even if you haven't seen the movie — this L.P. is hilarious! **#2370/$6.98**

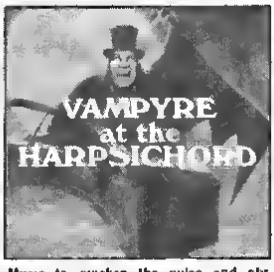


MONSTER OF FRANKENSTEIN Read the thrill packed story in a full color, 20 page comic while you listen to it on a 45 RPM record! Set! **#2385/$1.49**

RECORD AND COMIC BOOK SET • IN FULL COLOR



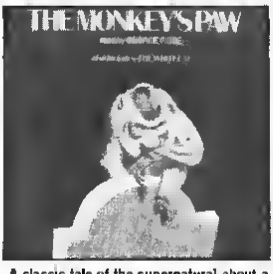
DRACULA! TERROR SNOW! The Prince of Vampires stalks in a full color, 20 page comic while you listen to a 45 RPM record of the tale! **#2386/$1.49**



Music to quicken the pulse and stir the soul. A stereo listening experience that will send you reeling. 8 macabre renditions including "Ode to the Tomb," "Flight of the Vampyre," "Undead Theme" produced by the fiendish hand of Vernon Langdon. **VAMPYRE AT THE HARPSICHORD #2363/$4.98**



Put on your own seance! Put on your friends! Want to be a medium, and hoax folks with a spookshow? This record by Hollywood magician and monster mask master Verne Langdon shows you how! Fit for fiendish fright fans fancy. **#2338 DR. DRUID'S HAUNTED SEANCE $4.98**



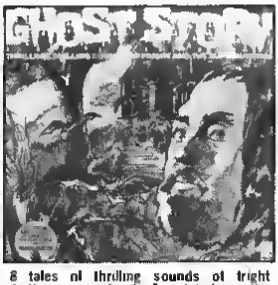
A classic tale of the supernatural about a magical talisman with a terrifying history, 3 awesome wishes, and a chilling conclusion! This is the story that has inspired hundreds of imitations in books, films & comic books. Now listen to the thrilling original read by George Rose. Accept no substitute. **MONKEY'S PAW #2302/$4.49**



SOUNDS OF TERROR. In screaming stereo — an uncharted trip into the unnatural world of horror! Zombies, Jack the Ripper, Dracula, the Mummy and monsters. On this thrill packed LP, also listen in terrors from the grave, the guillotine, the torture chamber and ... outer space. If you dare... **Order #2369/$5.98**



When radio was king in the late 30's and early 40's, America was scared out of its wits by Arch Oboler's "Lights Out." A sampling of some of the best! Features the legendary tale of the Chicken Heart that devoured earth. Plus others. A terrifying treat. **DROP DEAD #2308/$6.98**



8 tales of thrilling sounds of fright & the supernatural. As stated on the cover — "This record should not be listened to by the very young or tender hearted." That will give you some idea of the gruesomeness of this fantastic record! Beware! But listen to William Castle's **GHOST STORY #2381/$2.49**



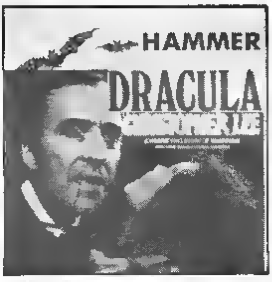
The fantastic adventures adapted from the original Motion Picture Classic! The most famous ape of all time atop the Empire State Building! Come to taste in the Grand Style of 1930's radio melodrama, following the exact plot of this great monster classic! **#2309 KING KONG $2.49**



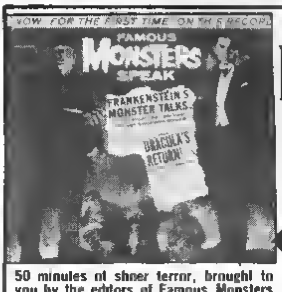
Music of monsters captured on a waxen disc. Eric's Operation of Satanic sonatas & diabolic dirges. Sounds to ice your spine & shudder by in the cold sweat moments of the witching hour. Created by versatile, talented Verne Langdon. Order **PHANTOM OF THE ORGAN #2325/$4.98**



THE NIGHTWATCH Exclusively sold through Warren Publishing Co. this record contains 10 of the most frightening tales you'll ever hear. Complete with horrifying sound effects and weird music. It will keep you awake through the night! **#2374/$5.49**



A frightening narration by Hammer Film's Christopher Lee. A new tale of the bloody Count and his victims. Complete with full symphony orchestration and fearsome sound effects. Side 2 features music of 5 Hammer films. **DRACULA #2366/$7.99**



50 minutes of sheer terror, brought to you by the editors of Famous Monsters magazine! Hear the human vampire. A collector's item! Play it as you re-read the last 100 issues of FM, as well as when you read the NEXT 100 issues of FM! Get a Barnabas poster, too! **#2301 FAMOUS MONSTERS SPEAK $2.98**

FREE FULL-COLOR PORTRAIT OF BARNABAS COLLINS With every order of FAMOUS MONSTERS SPEAK!!



To order any of these items, please see last page of this magazine for convenient RUSH ORDER FORM.

MONSTER BRIEFS IN COLOR! THE BEST DRESSED FIEND FROM SHIRTS TO SHORTS!



FOR THE GUY WHO HAS EVERYTHING!



#2738-S, SIZE 28-32 $4.00
#2738-M, SIZE 34-36, $4.00
#2738-L, SIZE 38-42 $4.00



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#2741-M, SIZE 34-36 $4.00
#2741-L, SIZE 38-42 $4.00



#2742-S SIZE 28-32 $4.00
#2742-M, SIZE 34-36 $4.00
#2742-L SIZE 38-42 $4.00



#2743-S, SIZE 28-32 $4.00
#2743-M, SIZE 34-36 $4.00
#2743-L SIZE 38-42 $4.00

WE'LL BE BRIEF. YOU CAN'T AFFORD TO BE CAUGHT SHORT, SO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THIS EXCITING OFFER. THE BEST COVERS FROM CREEPY, EERIE AND FAMOUS MONSTERS ARE REPRODUCED IN FULL COLOR ON THE FRONTS OF THESE 100% STRETCHABLE NYLON BIKINI BRIEFS. THEY WILL COMPLETE YOUR WARDROBE! A FASHIONABLE MONSTER WOULDN'T BE CAUGHT DEAD WITHOUT THEM. PLEASE BE VERY SURE YOU ORDER THE CORRECT SIZE.

CREATIVE BOOKS
MAZES, DRAWING & COLORING BOOKS

PUZZLEBOOK



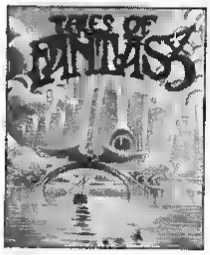
3-D MONSTER MAZES Creatures seem to come alive, leaping from the pages. Not a coloring book. Mazes! #21259/$1.50



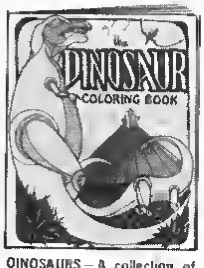
HOW TO DRAW MONSTERS Beasts, demons, insects, things. Basic drawing directions. 64 pgs. 8-1/2x11. #21260/$2.95



SCI-FI—An illus. synopsis anthology of tales from Verne to Bradbury. 32 pages, 9-1/2"x12-1/2". #2162/$2.00



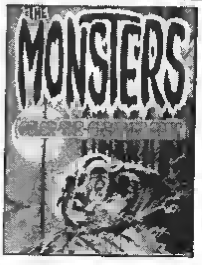
TALES OF FANTASY Travel to Atlantis, Middle Earth, Oz. Visit Merlin, Sinbad. Color line fantasy. #21258/$2.00



DINOSAURS—A collection of 15 reptilian favorites with text. Drawn by Tong. 32 pages—10"x12". Now. #21091/$2.00



SPIRIT—Featuring the most memorable splash pages from the comic strip by Eisner. 32 pgs., 10"x14", #21160/$2.50



B. WRIGHTSON'S MONSTERS—Greatest of the monster artists brings you his finest! 32 pgs., 11"x17", #21172/$4.00



MONSTER GALLERY—Color me rich! 16 monster histories. Kong, Dracula, Fly, etc. 32 pgs., 10"x12". #21090/$2.00

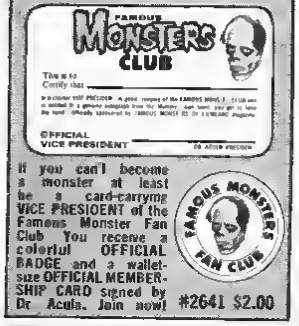
MONSTER CASES
SAVE YOUR MONSTERS!

Early issues of Famous Monsters are worth a lot of money in mint condition. Here's how to keep them that way.



As the supply of back issues dwindles on our shelves, your issues increase in value. Even if you have no intention of selling your collection, you'll want to keep them neat in these CUSTOM DESIGNED LEATHERETTE CASES. Each holds a one year run of FM. Title in gold on red spine. FM CASE #2634 $4.95

FAMOUS MONSTERS FAN CLUB!



If you can't become a monster at least be a card-carrying VICE PRESIDENT of the Famous Monster Fan Club. You receive a colorful OFFICIAL BADGE and a wallet-size OFFICIAL MEMBERSHIP CARD signed by Dr. Acula. Join now! #2641 $2.00

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MONSTER CALENDAR



A MARATHON OF MONTHLY MAYHEM

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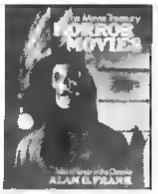
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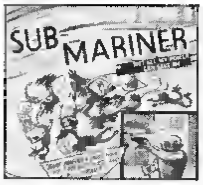
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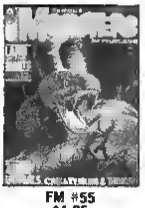
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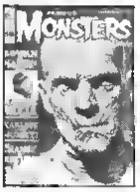
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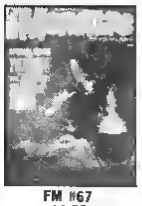
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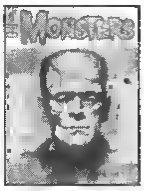
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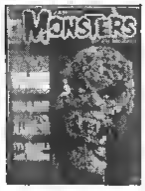
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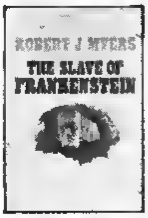
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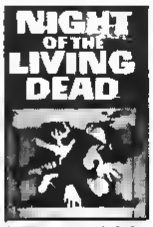
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PICTURE OF DORIAN GRAY



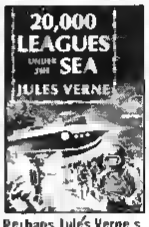
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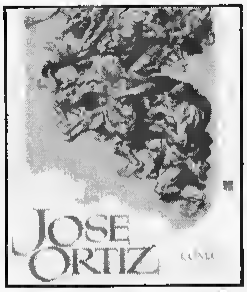


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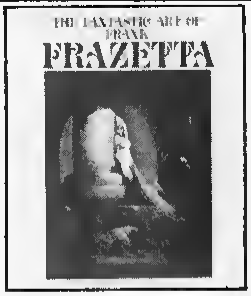


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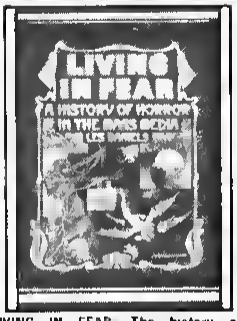
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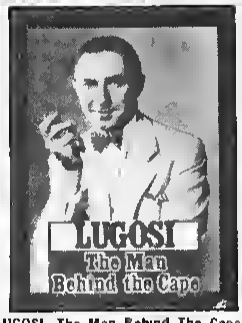
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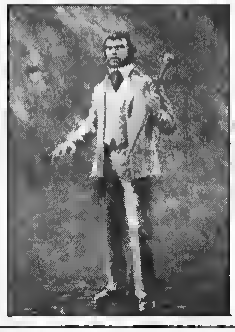
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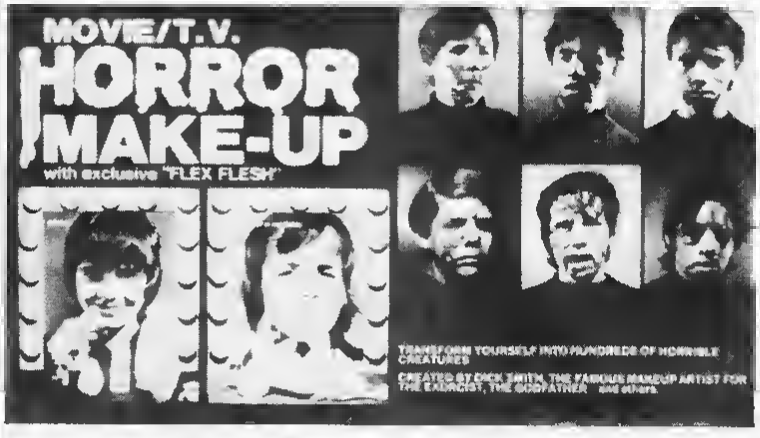
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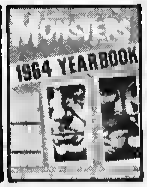
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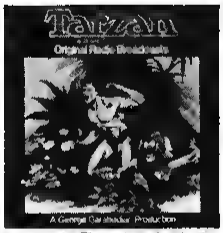
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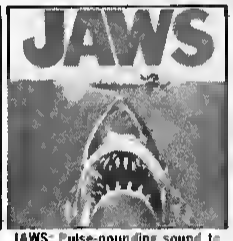
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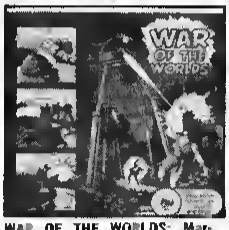
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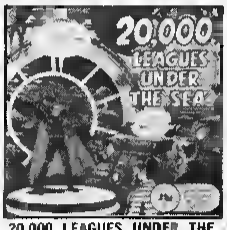
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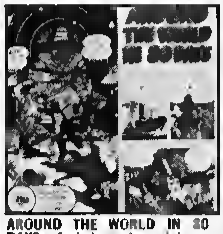
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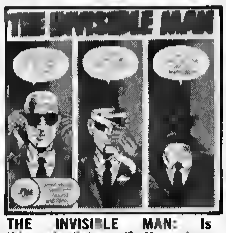
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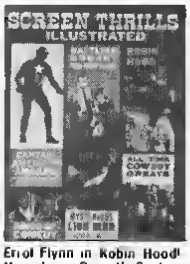
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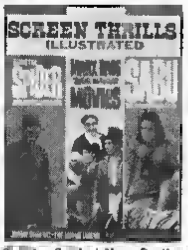
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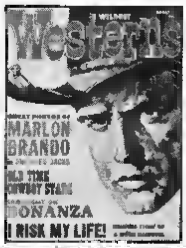
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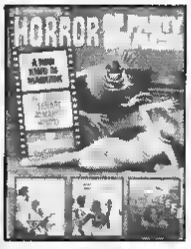
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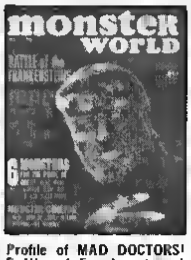
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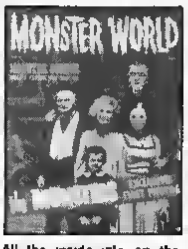
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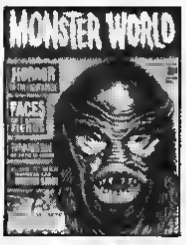
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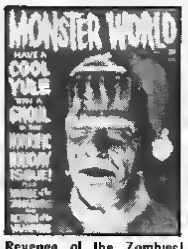
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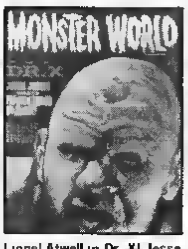
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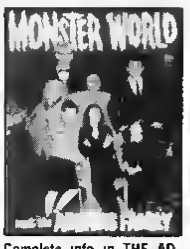
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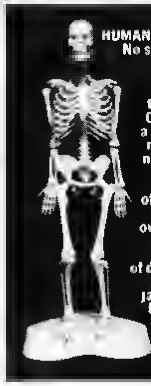
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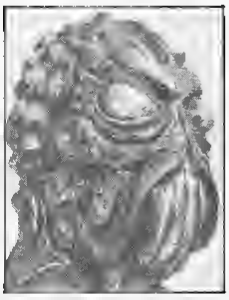
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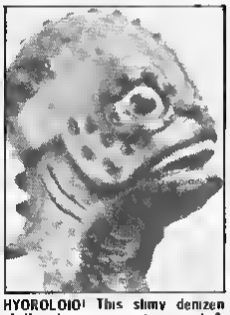
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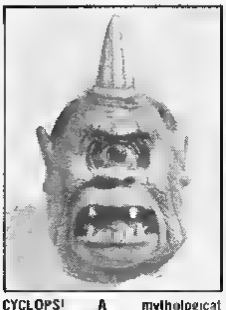
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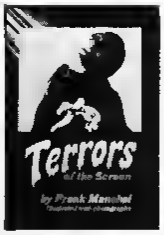
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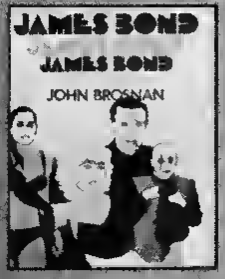
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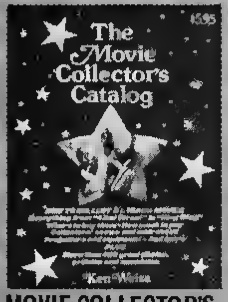
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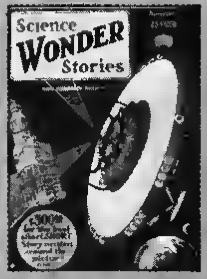
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FANG MAIL (Continued from page 4)

THIS JOKER IS . . . WILD!

Thank you for you fang mail. I was reading a copy of the Bleeders Digest when U.S Ghost Office delivered your letter It was real bad to hear from you.

Since you have taken the trouble to scratch out a letter to me with your boil point pen, I shall try to tell you a little bit about myself, even tho I had a pretty stiff day at the Undertaking Parlor. I don't really like to work there, but where else can I go to work and find my job all laid out for me?

As a small boy I appeared in many of the early Lassie movies, such as BEN CUR, THE MUMMY'S CUR and that all time Horrorwood classic DR JACKEL & MR HOUND. These movies were made shortly after I graduated from V.M.I . . . The Vampires and Monsters Institute. After that, I appeared on many of the better known terrorvision shows like "Goon Smoke" "Scary Mason" and of course "Poison to Poison". It was during that time that I worked with such famous stars as Judy Goreland, Perry Coma, Scary Grant, Shock Hudson, Red Skeleton, Gory Lewis, Blob Hope & Dinah Sauras. Most of these shows were directed by either Alfred Hunchback or Cecil B. DeKill.

After that for awhile, I donated my time to the Black Cross I used to give classes in second aid . . . to be used after first aid fails.

One day I was reading the noosepaper and I spotted an ad for the perfect house for me . . . to haunt. Naturally it was a haunt ad, describing the Tenement Castle Living there is pretty knife work if you can fork get the ten ants' spoonerisms

There's always plenty to eat . . . Hungarian Ghoulash, Rice Crypties, Ghost Toasties, Shrouded Wheat and for desert, Shocklate Slayer cake with Eyes Scream. Usually before dinner each night I have a detective cocktail with its own private eyeball.

I like to celebrate all the holler days and I particularly enjoy roast tomb turkey at at Thanksgraving, Easter Egg Haunts and on the Fourth of July I have a spooktacular display of fearworks.

I enjoy most sports like beastball, casketball, and hide and go shriek Like most teenagers, I like shock & roll music but my all time favorite song is "Scar Dust".

Well, fangs again for writing, but I'm afraid it's time for me to go to work again. I work the graveyard shift you know. I'll be lurking for you this Friday night on Channel 5 for "Horror, Inc" Till then, goodnight & pleasant screams.

DR. PAUL BEARER
TOMBSTONE, ARIZ.

"FIRE FORRY"—FOR THE 500TH TIME

I have been reading FM consistently since late 1974 and have to say that issue 133 was probably my favorite all around, especially the articles on Lugosi and Hammer's Dracula series which were entertaining, unusual & informative But sadly to say issues 135 & 136 barely reach above the pathetic level. "Godzilla vs. Bionic Monster" & "Kentucky Fried Movie"—atrocious wastes of paper, ink & magazine space, and the BLACK CAT filmbook was a reprint from 1970! THE EMPIRE OF THE ANTS looks both unusually mediocre & cornball

I am a compulsive Universal fan and a Frankenstein & Wolf Man "addict" (far safer than herion!) and will get up anytime between 2 & 5 am to watch an old Universal horror flick out of the 30s & 40s that appears on TV I agree with the anonymous writer of the "Fire Forry" letter in 136—despite their talent & reputation, Cushing & Lee have been overdone for actors who are still alive and Chaney, Jr. has been mercilessly ignored In addition, supporting & more minor horror actors such as Claude Rains, Lionel Atwill & George Zucco have also recently been ignored And how about more Universal? Your last great feature on a flick from the studio was the filmbook on THE MAD GHOUL in issues 130 & 131! And one more final suggestion concerns, a specific article which I think all loyal horror fans would appreciate (including of of course, myself), a brief but comprehensive biography on makeup maestro Jack Pierce Not only his years at Universal but also his early life, prefame era & later years during retirement.

LEE WILLIAMS
San Diego, Calif.

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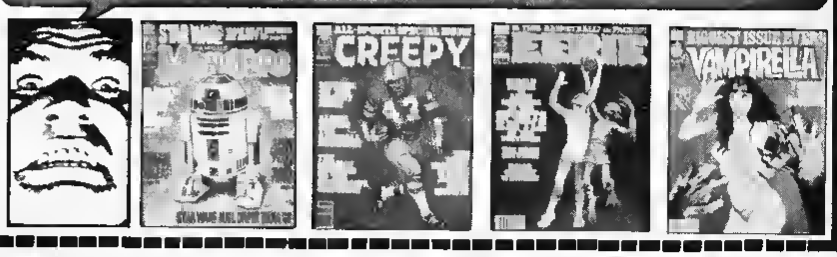
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STEVE DE MARTINI
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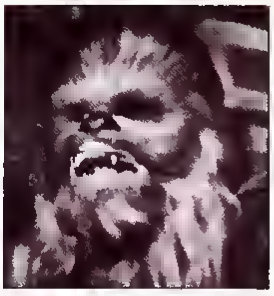
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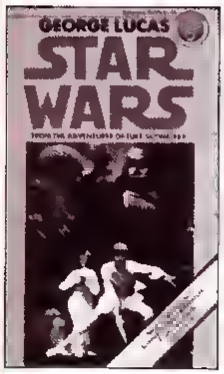
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